

# The Sketch

No. 1046.—Vol. LXXXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



SEEKING TO STOP A SCANDAL! SIR EVERARD TITSY CHILWORTH, Bt., HALF-STRANGLES BEATRICE WISHAW.

Our photograph shows Miss Ethel Irving, as Beatrice Wishaw, and Mr. Edmund Maurice, as Sir Everard Titsy Chilworth, in the most dramatic moment of Miss Gladys Unger's "The Son and Heir," at the Strand. Sir Everard, who is extremely jealous of the family honour, of which he believes his son and heir and himself to be shining examples, threatens to kill and comes near to half-strangling his daughter, Beatrice Wishaw, when she announces her intention of running away from her husband, with Pascoe Tandridge, as a sequel to her father's refusal to let her sister marry the man she loves. In the end, Sir Everard repents him of his attitude and allows the engagement to be announced; whereupon Beatrice Wishaw, telling him that he has played the game, says that she will do the same and return to her husband.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.







## OXFORD 'CHASERS: THE BALLIOL AND TRINITY POINT-TO-POINTS.



1. THE OPEN LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE: COMPETITORS GOING TO THE START.

3. READY FOR THE OPEN HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE: VISCOUNT EDNAM, ELDEST SON OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

5. THE WINNER OF THE COLLEGES' GRIND: THE HON. JOHN N. MANNERS, ELDER SON OF LORD MANNERS.

2. UP ON CRIPPEN, FOR THE BALLIOL AND TRINITY COLLEGES' GRIND: LORD SPENCER COMPTON, YOUNGER SON OF THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

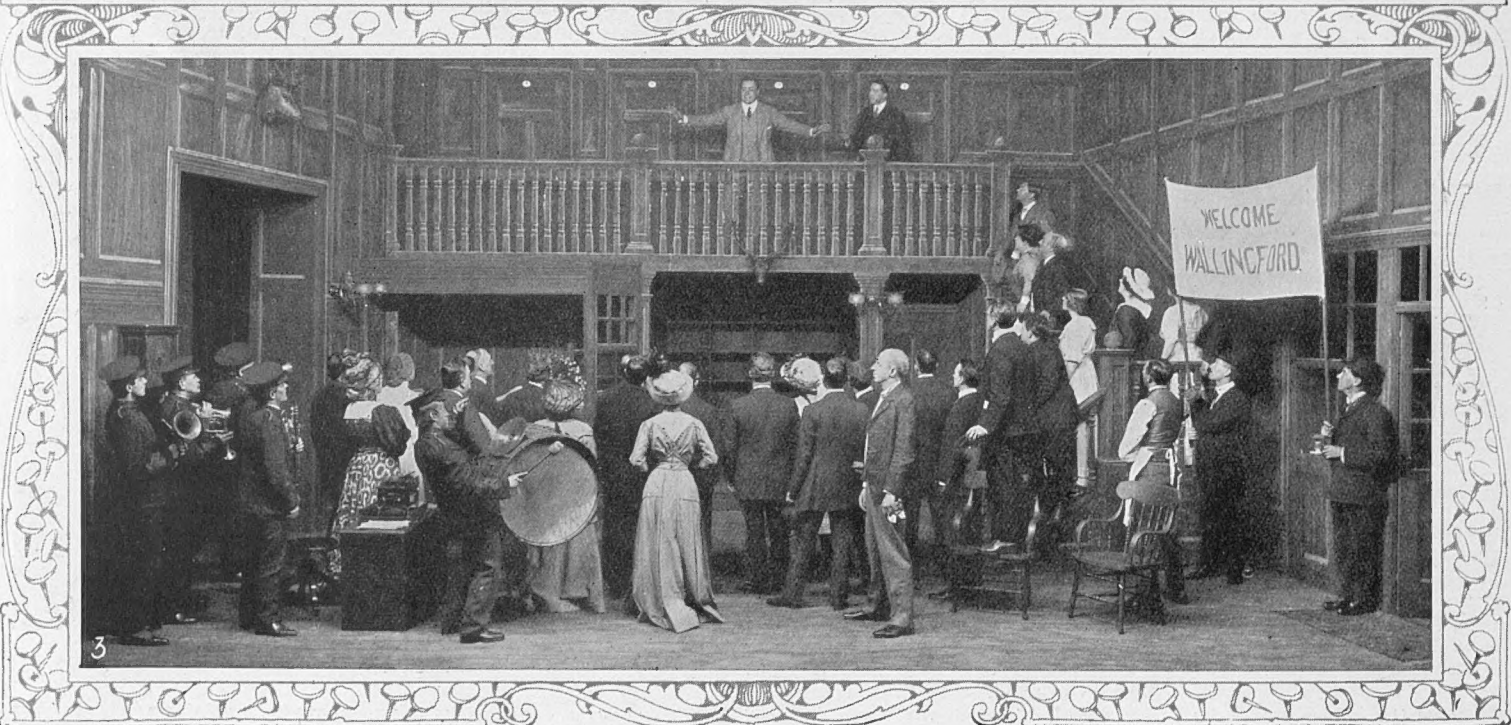
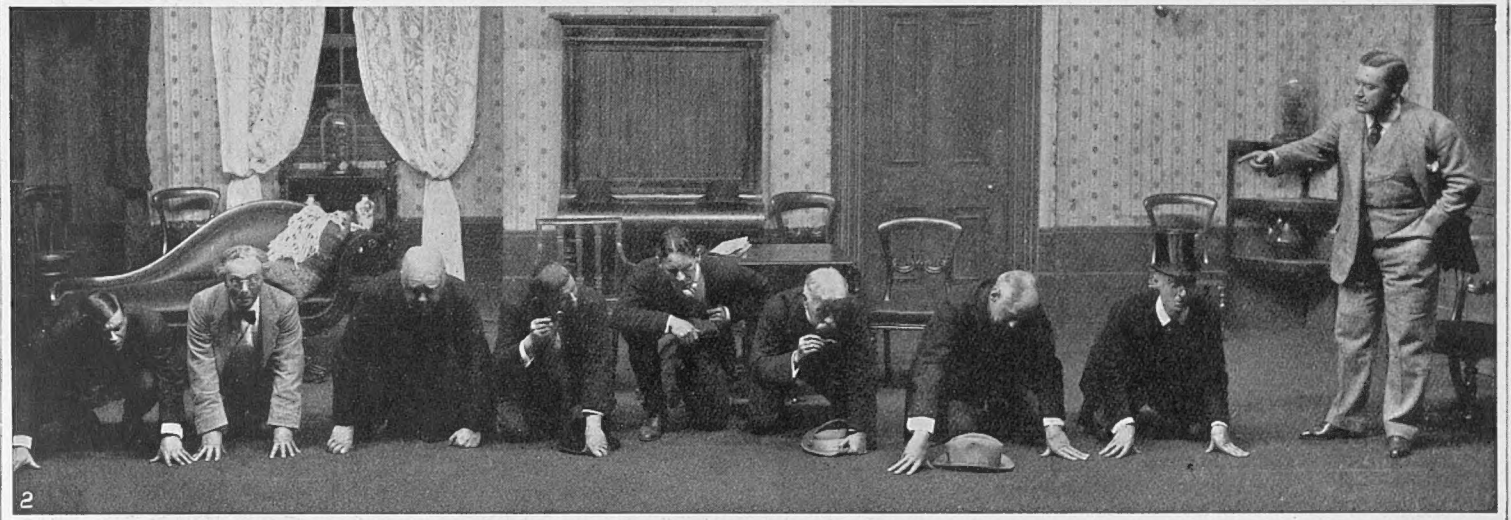
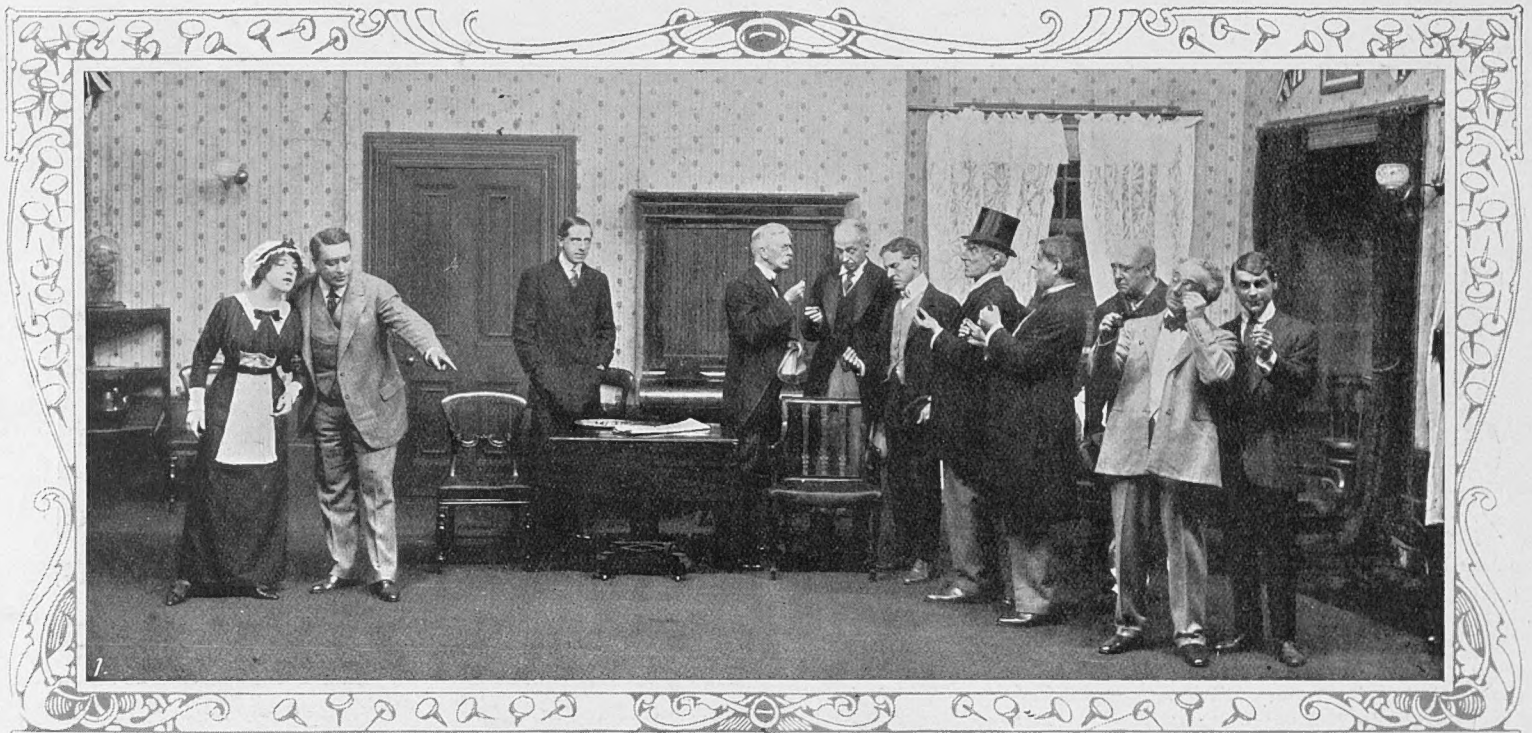
4. WATCHING THE RACES: A MERRY COACH-PARTY.

6. WAITING FOR HIS MOUNT: THE HON. HUGH GOUGH, ONLY SON OF VISCOUNT GOUGH.

The point-to-point steeplechases of Balliol and Trinity Colleges were held successfully the other day over three and a half miles fair hunting country, at Garsington, five miles from Oxford. The programme included the Balliol and Trinity Colleges' Grind—catch weights, 12 st. 7 lb.; the Open Light-Weight Race—catch weights, 11 st. 7 lb.; the Open Heavy-Weight Race—catch weights, 13 st.; and the Private Sweepstakes—catch weights, 12 st. 7 lb. With special regard to those shown in our photographs, we may make the following notes: Lord Spencer Douglas Compton, who rode his own Crippen, was born in 1893, and holds a commission in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry. Viscount Ednam, who rode his own Despair, was born in January 1894, and went up to Oxford from Eton. He holds a commission in the Worcestershire Yeomanry. Mr. John Manners, who rode his own Miss Tippit, was born in January 1892, and went to Oxford from Eton. Mr. Hugh Gough, who rode his own The Moheragh, was born in February 1892.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Topical.]



# THE COVERED-TACK FARCE: "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," AT THE QUEEN'S.



1. J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD ASKS BESSIE'S OPINION OF HIS COVERED CARPET-TACKS, WHILE LEADING CITIZENS OF BATTLESBURY EXAMINE SAMPLES.

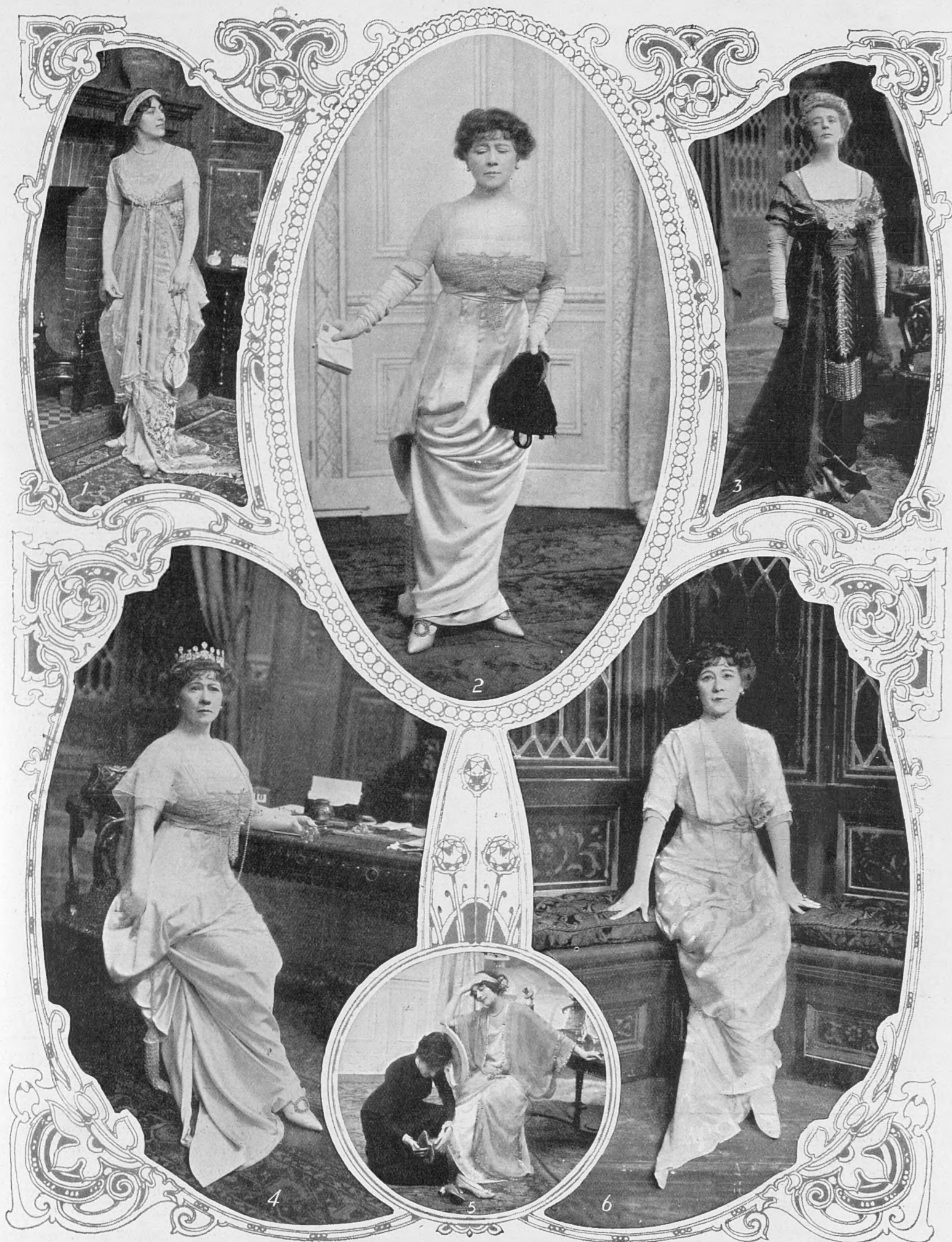
2. WALLINGFORD GETS CITIZENS OF BATTLESBURY TO EXAMINE THE RUSTY TACKS IN HIS SITTING-ROOM CARPET.

3. THE TOWN OF BATTLESBURY TURNS OUT TO WELCOME WALLINGFORD.

Briefly, the following is the plot of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford": J. Rufus Wallingford and his companion "crook", Horace Daw, descend upon Battlesbury with the idea of waking it up and making it a great business centre. Playing a game of bluff, they tell how they are going to set up a great factory for the manufacture of Wallingford's invention, carpet-tacks, not of the usual bald-headed form, but covered with suitable materials. Much money is subscribed for their company, and they are about to depart with the cash when, of a sudden, their invention, designed only as a blind, turns out to be an enormous and genuine success. Thus, to their astonishment, the "crooks" find themselves millionaires and that they were "a couple of honest men and never knew it."—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



"ESTHER CASTWAYS" DRESS: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PLAY.



1. MISS MARIE POLINI AS JOCELYN PENBURY.
2. MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS ESTHER CASTWAYS.
3. MISS KATE SERJEANTSON AS MRS. JACKSON-TILLET.

4. MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS ESTHER CASTWAYS.
5. MISS MARIE POLINI AS JOCELYN PENBURY.
6. MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS ESTHER CASTWAYS.

We publish these photographs not only to illustrate the production of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new play at the Prince of Wales's, but also to give an idea of some of the charming dresses worn in it, for, as usual, Miss Marie Tempest has taken care that the piece should be beautifully gowned.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.*



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**BLACKWOOD.**  
**The Lady of the Canaries.** St. John Lucas. 6s.

**STANLEY PAUL.**  
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**The Redeemer.** René Bazin. 6s.

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**Rival French Courts.** S. H. Lombardini. 10s. 6d. net.

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**Hilary's Career.** Parry Truscott. 6s.

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**Its and Ans.** H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s.  
**Swift Nick of the York Road.** George Edgar. 6s.

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**The Red Cross Girl.** Richard Harding Davis. 6s.

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**Jack Dane.** Adam Wonne. 6s.  
**Maids-a-Waiting.** E. Justin. 6s.  
**An Idyllic Folly.** A. J. Hunter. 6s.

**FISHER UNWIN.**  
**New Wine and Old Bottles.** Constance Smedley. 6s.

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**The Book of Lies.** 21s.

**JOHN WISDEN.**  
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### THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MISS GLADYS UNGER, after the enthusiastic reception of her comedy, "The Son and Heir," may have been surprised by the chilling criticisms appearing in some papers of importance. There is no doubt that the hearty applause and noisy calls were from people who had enjoyed the play. Why, then, this difference of opinion? Simply because the audience were amused by lively, if artificial, dialogue, by some brilliant acting and effective situations, whilst the critics insisted upon examining the piece seriously as a work of art. It cannot stand such examination: the author has boldly tried to present a study of the effects of the custom of primogeniture upon character, and one feels quickly that she has only a superficial knowledge of the subject, and trifling acquaintance with the people whom she tries to represent. On the other hand, she shows much theatrical cleverness. Her Max O'Rellian Frenchman, well enough acted by Mr. Lauzerte, says many funny things—there is too much comic business about his dread of draughts. Her big scene where Sir Everard begins to try to strangle his daughter gave Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. Edmund Maurice a great opportunity, and the lady thrilled the house by her truly powerful display of passion. And incidentally much is amusing and interesting. One cannot overlook an able performance by Mr. Norman Trevor as a lover, and the pathetic acting of Miss Ethel Dane.

The new bill at the Little Theatre consists of an Italian play, adapted by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, and presented under the title of "Three." "Infidele," the original by Roberto Bracco, is said to be a fine study of married life and a woman's ideal of marriage; but as it actually appeared on the English stage, it proved to be a rather commonplace, clever drama of husband, wife, and would-be lover, undistinguished by any subtlety or tendency towards the ideal. Here and there witty phrases emerged, and sometimes there were suggestions of real character; but as a whole, it proved a little dull and too material in its treatment of the relation between man and woman. Even the acting of Miss Gertrude Kingston, though quite clever in its way, failed to give dignity to the piece, and Mr. Ben Webster was quite out of his element when representing a jealous Italian. "The Arbour of Refuge," also by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, which completed the programme, is a one-act farce, rather amusing and ingenious, but needlessly extravagant, and at times heavy-handed. Its central idea of the woman besieged by her discarded husband and some admirers who take refuge on the stage has not much dramatic value. Miss Madge McIntosh and Mr. Ben Webster acted very cleverly in it.

"The Indian Mutiny," at the New Prince's, is one of those things which are indeed rich in incident. Messrs. Melville, instead of writing it themselves, have entrusted the matter to Mr. George Daventry, and he has not failed them. It is all about the daughter of a British major and a native lady, who was brought up by a native chief; and, of course, there is mutiny, as one gathers from the title, and the girl loves an Englishman, and is pursued by two Indians—one desiring to work his wicked will, the other consumed by a hopeless passion and turning up on all necessary occasions to protect her. It is all, as usual, weirdly, almost unbelievably inconsequent—so inconsequent, indeed, that even the gallery on the first night was consumed with laughter at thrilling moments; but subsequent galleries will no doubt take a sterner view of their duties. Among a large company which played vigorously, Mr. C. W. Standing, Miss Dora Barton, Mr. Henry Lonsdale, and Mr. Philip Hewland comported themselves with credit.

### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty (from Oct. 9, 1912 to Jan. 1, 1913) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

### SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

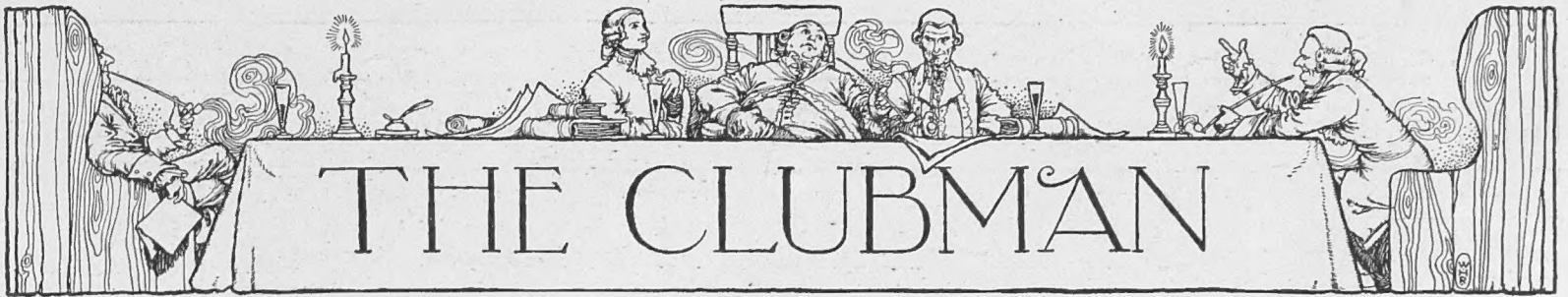
Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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## MINISTERIAL RESIGNATIONS AT THE REFORM—DANCES AND RECRUITING—AMERICAN BANQUETS.

### The Reform Club.

The statement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty had resigned their membership of the Reform Club has drawn a good deal of attention, during the week, to the stately club in Pall Mall and to its members. It is understood that the reason for the two distinguished Ministers resigning their membership was not in any way political. The Reform is no longer the camp for the advanced Liberals, the National Liberal Club having taken its place in this respect, and many men belong to it who have been Liberals in their day, but have been left stranded on neutral ground as the politics of the party have progressed. The tenets of the Club were originally those of the men who passed the Reform Bill of 1836, and Bright and Palmerston and Gladstone were among its most famous members. It is a more hospitable club than its great political rival, the Carlton, and it does not altogether exclude strangers, as does the Unionist club. I have often lunched at the Reform as a guest, and have appreciated its cuisine. Barrie, the architect from whose designs the club-house was built, copied in many respects the Farnese Palace at Rome. The cookery at the Reform has always been excellent. For some years, Alexis Soyer was the chef of the club, and the political banquets given there achieved a special celebrity for their excellence. The club-house, is one of the few club buildings of the early Victorian period that has bedrooms for the members.



AT THE RECENT LEVÉE:  
THE MARQUESS OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

Charles Robert Wynn-Carrington, first Marquess of Lincolnshire, was born on May 16, 1843. After being in the Army for a while, he began a political and diplomatic career, which has included service as Governor of New South Wales, Lord Chamberlain to Queen Victoria's Household, President of the Board of Agriculture, and Lord Privy Seal. He is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain and acts for the reign of King George. At the Coronation of King Edward VII. he bore St. Edward's Staff. He became Viscount Wendover and Earl Carrington in 1895, K.G. in 1906, and Marquess of Lincolnshire in 1912. In 1878 he married the Hon. Cecilia Margaret Harbord, daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield.

Photograph by C.N.

as eager for an invitation to these dances as they are for those to dances given in officers' messes, a step will have been made towards giving that social cachet to the whole Territorial force that some crack regiments in it already possess. These Territorial dances should bring into play the influence of the ladies as recruiting officers, and I hope that the young men who attend the dances in ordinary evening clothes will find that the young fellows who are there in their mess dress get the pick of the partners. Love of one's country is, of course, the spur that should drive the well-bred youth of the country into the Territorial commissioned ranks, but the good graces of the ladies form an inducement no young man despises.

### A Dance Club.

I wish every success to the Territorial Dance Club, which has been formed at the Great Central Hotel, and which is to hold its dances weekly during this month and March and April. It is hoped that these dances may bring the officers of the various Territorial units together, and create a social relationship which has hitherto been wanting. If this dance club can be in some respects to the Territorials what messes are to the Regular Army, and if ladies will be



AT THE RECENT LEVÉE: BISHOP RYLE, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,  
AND LORD JUSTICE BUCKLEY.

The Right Rev. Herbert Edward Ryle, who was born in 1856, and has been Bishop of Exeter and Bishop of Winchester, became Dean of Westminster in 1911. The Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Burton Buckley, born in 1845, was appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1906.—(Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.)

### The Gridiron Club.

The Gridiron Club of Washington, the club of the journalists in the capital city, never falls short of the humorous standard it has set up for itself, when once a year it entertains Secretaries of State and all the Ambassadors and other great people at a banquet. It has burlesqued Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft to their faces, to their great amusement, and this year the club turned its attention to the President-elect, Doctor Wilson, and to that rather overpowering personality behind the Presidential chair, Mr. Bryan, who three times has been the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The Cabinet which the Gridiron Club very kindly formed for Doctor Wilson consisted of nine Mr. Bryans, each of whom described the manner in which he intended to run his department. The Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, announced his intention of superseding the Monroe Doctrine by the Bryan Doctrine, and the Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State for the Navy, declared that the American Fleet should be increased to such an extent that Nebraska, his native State, which is in the middle of the States, should possess a seaport. The Gridiron Club at least serves one very excellent purpose—it is a check on those prominent American politicians who may take themselves too seriously.

### An Elizabethan Feast.

A novelty in the gentle art of entertainment was the Elizabethan dance and supper with which an American millionaire has entertained his friends. The ball commenced with a stately dance, which no doubt was intended as part of the protest raised by Society in America against the bunny-hugs and turkey-trots which have invaded the realm of ball-room dancing. At supper boar's-head and stuffed pheasants and barons of beef formed the principal dishes; but either the invention or the knowledge of the millionaire's chef must

have failed him, for in Elizabethan days all kinds of birds we do not eat now were pressed into the service of the table. Herons and cranes, peacocks and swans, always figured amongst the "subtleties" borne in procession to the table, and it was

not unusual at a very great banquet for a hundred or more peacocks, dressed in their plumage, to be set upon the table. We do not eat peacocks nowadays, and the cygnet is more often to be seen at mayoral banquets than in private houses. Mulled wine and champagne were the beverages offered to the guests at this Elizabethan banquet. The mulled wine was quite in character, though, perhaps, Hippocras and metheglin would have been more appropriate. Sparkling champagne was not known in Elizabeth's day, for although the wines of the Champagne district, near Rheims, were known in Roman Gaul, it was not until the eighteenth century that a monk invented cork stoppers for wine-bottles, instead of a linen pad or a tussock of straw or grass; and cork stoppers made it possible to keep wine sparkling.

AT THE RECENT LEVÉE:  
VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN.

John Morley, first Viscount Morley of Blackburn, was born on December 24, 1838, places after his name P.C., O.M., D.C.L., and F.R.S. For many years he was editor of the "Fortnightly Review" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," and he is, of course, very well known as a man of letters, as well as a politician. Amongst other prominent positions, he has held those of Chancellor of Manchester University, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary of State for India, and Counsellor of State. In 1910 he became Lord President of the Council. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1873, and twenty years later became a Bench. He is a Trustee of the British Museum.

Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.







**H**IS MAJESTY never goes among ships without finding friends, and his visit to Portsmouth was the occasion for the reunion of many old acquaintances. An Admiralty dockyard is to him much like the precincts of an old school, where old companions and old memories are sure to crop up. But he went to Portsmouth without Commander Cunningham Graham, a naval officer to whom he is

much attached, and whom illness keeps from performing his duties as Groom-in-Waiting at a most unfortunate moment. At Government House Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux entertained a few friends, among whom were Lord Westmorland and his sister, Lady Londesborough.

*Old Boycotting.* If the House of Commons is really the best club in Europe, it is clear that an atmosphere of conflict need not be fatal to Pall Mall and Piccadilly. It happens that the First Lord has more than once been expected to carry his genius for contention into Clubland, and if he has disappointed the people most anxious to see him involved in a "scrape," it is thanks to his own sense of the fitness of things rather than to their efforts in the direction of war. At one time word was industriously sent round that he was being "boy-cotted"; and while he was making speeches about "the goldfish Dukes," the Marlborough and Turf may have been a little shy of him. He himself sometimes, apparently, uses a form of boycott very disconcerting to the outside gossips: the names of his clubs do not appear in "Who's Who," or in some other reference books.

*Winston and the Reform.* Most clubs, at one period or another, grow proud, and blackballing is the consequence. Brooks's



THE CAPTAIN OF THE GIFT-SHIP INSPECTED BY THE KING LAST WEEK: CAPTAIN LIONEL HALSEY, OF THE "NEW ZEALAND." Captain Halsey, who was appointed to his present rank on June 30, 1905, is Captain of the "New Zealand," which, after inspection by the King, has set out on a 40,000 miles cruise to show the flag in New Zealand and other waters.  
*Photograph by Russell.*



ON THE RIVIERA: SIR LEWIS McIVER AND LADY McIVER.

Sir Lewis McIver, the first Baronet, is the son of a former Secretary of the Presidency Bank, Madras, and was born in 1846. He was called to the Bar in 1878 while he was in the Indian Civil Service, and has been Under-Secretary to the Government in Burma, Chief Magistrate of Rangoon, Magistrate of the Nilgiri District, and Registrar of the High Court. He has been M.P. for the Torquay Division of Devonshire, and for the Western Division of Edinburgh. In 1885 he married Charlotte Rosalind, daughter of the late Nathaniel Montefiore, F.R.C.S., of Coldeast, Hants.—*[Photograph by Navello.]*

periodically goes through an orgy of rejections, but on one occasion it met its match, and climbed down. In the later days of duelling, Fitzgerald, who had become famous for his successes in private encounters, bullied Admiral Keith Stuart into proposing him. On the election day proposer and candidate waited the result downstairs, and when adverse news reached Fitzgerald, he went the round of the members, asking each in turn, "Did you blackball me?" Nobody pleaded guilty. "Then if none of ye have blackballed me, I am elected," he announced. Although it is often said that Mr. Winston Churchill includes a duel among his adventures, there is no such short way of reforming the Reform for rejecting his nominee.

*"Mr." Blanche and the Blanks.* Lady Crawford's portrait at the new Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street has, the critics say, the opulence and stateliness of a picture by Titian. The poor critics stop there, their only concern being with the canvas. But they could have gone farther, and compared Mr. Glyn Philpot's splendid sitter with Titian's own. The sumptuous red robes and the title of "Lady Balcarre;" are both thrown out of date by the death of the lady's father-in-law and her husband's succession to the Earldom of Crawford; but mourning and a change of name cannot spoil an extraordinarily life-like picture. Lady Wantage is another sitter named



ENGAGED TO MISS IDA MARJORIE MARTYR, CAPTAIN A. H. HOOPER. Captain Hooper, of the Middlesex Regiment, is the younger son of Captain C. F. Hooper, of Harewell, Sheldwich, Faversham.  
*Photograph by Swaine.*



TEACHING THE PRINCE OF WALES TO PLAY THE BAGPIPES: PIPE-MAJOR W. ROSS.

The Prince of Wales having expressed a desire to learn the bagpipes, arrangements were made for Pipe-Major W. Ross, of the 2nd Scots Guards, to give him lessons. Thus his Royal Highness is following the example of his grandfather, who also tried to learn the pipes, but soon gave up the attempt.  
*Photograph by Sport and General.*



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN A. H. HOOPER: MISS IDA MARJORIE MARTYR.

Miss Martyr is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martyr, of Upper Norwood and Cape Town, and a granddaughter of the late Major-General Martyr.  
*Photograph by Swaine.*

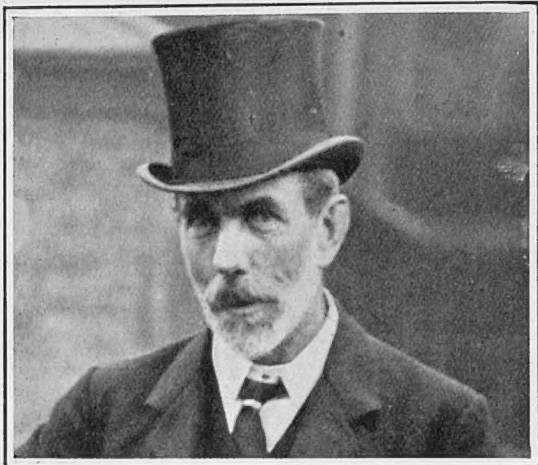


TO FLY IN ADVANCE OF 50,000 AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTES: MISS BERNETTA A. MILLER.

It is reported that Miss Miller, well known as an airwoman, is to fly in advance of 50,000 American Suffragettes marching in the United States to demonstrate. When it was first announced that she was going to do this, the statement came from a journalist's imagination; asked later whether she would do so, the airwoman agreed.  
*Photograph by Topical.*



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



**SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY—FOR HIS PART IN A CHEMICAL DISCOVERY WHICH MAY MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO TURN LEAD INTO GOLD!**

Sir William Ramsay, Professor Norman Collie, and Mr. H. Patterson share the honours of an important chemical discovery which means either that elements can be transmuted or that matter can be evolved from energy—things both hitherto regarded as impossible. Asked whether it might mean that lead could be turned into gold, Sir William Ramsay said: "I do not know: it might, though probably the cost would be too great to make it worth while." He added: "We are on the threshold of an entirely new departure in scientific investigation."

*Photograph by Barratt.*



**PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH OF PRUSSIA—ON HIS ESCAPE IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT AND HIS PRINCELY CONDUCT IN HELPING THE INJURED.**

Prince Eitel Friedrich, second son of the German Emperor, was returning from Rumania to Berlin on Feb. 4, when his train collided with a goods train. One passenger and a fireman were killed, and several were injured. The Prince was unhurt, and he promptly led the way in helping the injured, and did excellent work in rendering first aid.—[*Photograph by Bieber.*]



**GHAZI SHUKRI PASHA—ON HIS ABLE AND PLUCKY DEFENCE OF ADRIANOPLE.**

The defence of Adrianople by Ghazi Shukri Pasha was the one redeeming feature, from the Turkish point of view, of the first part of the Balkan War up to the armistice. Immediately on the renewal of hostilities the town was attacked again and resumed its stubborn resistance. The siege began last October and lasted some two months, before the armistice was signed.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



**THE EMPEROR MENELIK—FOR BEING DEAD AGAIN AND VERY LIKELY ALIVE.**

As everyone knows, Menelik has died more than once before now, at the hands of rumour, and has come to life again. The latest report of his decease came from Addis Abeba on the 4th, but doubt was cast upon it later. Menelik became Negus of Abyssinia in 1889. He claims (or claimed) to be a lineal descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

*Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.*



**"LADY ANNE PONSONBY"—FOR BEING THE GAINSBOROUGH IN THE CASE.**

The above is a reproduction of the picture which was the cause of the very interesting law-suit that we have all been following lately. The action was brought by Mr. W. F. Burton, of Burton Hall, County Carlow, against Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Son, Mr. C. J. Engledow, and the executors of the late Mr. Daimier L. Allen (the airman who was drowned while on a flight from Holyhead to Dublin) for the return of the picture or its value, and damages for its alleged detention or conversion. At the time of writing, the case is still *sub judice*.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]





### THE HOME OF THE MUG: A PARADISE FOR "CROOKS."

Too Many "Mugs," Without intending to say anything that may Spoil the "Crook," sound at all like a threat, I desire to draw the Editor's attention to the fact that if he were to treat me badly, I could easily make a fortune in the United States. For that great country, which an unfortunate politician on a famous occasion referred to as "the land of the leal," is really the home of the "mug." In England we have a fair number of mugs (what about the people who pay me thousands a year to write "tosh"?) but they are only as single spies; in America you can find them in battalions. This we learn from "Get Rich Quick Wallingford": there are whole cities full. I may drop into poetry, not by Silas Wegg, but by Tom Hood, and say—

Oh, it was pitiful,  
Quite a whole cityful—  
Sense they had none.

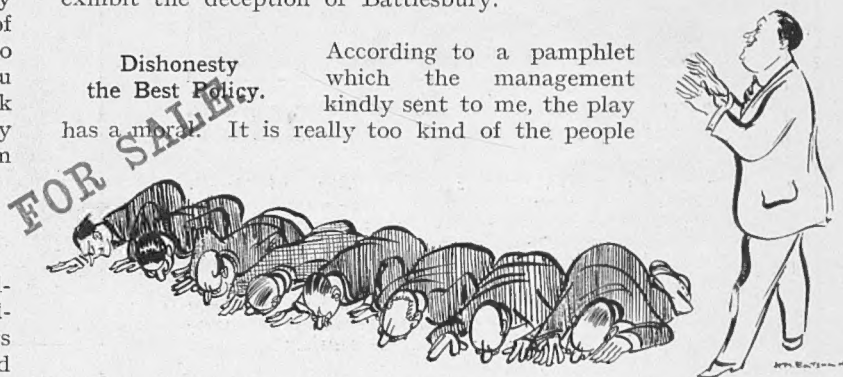
I am referring to Battlesbury, U.S.A., where Wallingford made his pile. The inhabitants were gold-medal mugs, A-1 copper-bottom mugs, 24-carat mugs of the purest water, and the "crook" who could not diddle them deserved fourteen years in Sing Sing Prison for incompetence, the most severely punished offence in modern times. The popularity of this play will make the fortune of the Transatlantic steamers, owing to the rush of bankrupt company-promoters, fraudulent financiers, bucket-shop keepers, long-firm operators, and confidence-trick merchants; even the three-card artists will join. Probably some of the invaders won't get in, because of the inhospitable laws against undesirable aliens—in reality, a shameless form of protection for the benefit of the native "crooks." Really, to desert dithyrambs, Wallingford had too soft a job at Battlesbury: the inhabitants fell like roasted larks into his mouth, and all of them—not soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor; but lawyer, banker, land-agent, hotel-keeper and the rest—plumped their big savings into his bank account when he propounded his wild-cat scheme. (Why I should call it "wild cat" I don't know, but I ought—tradition demands it.) If he had offered one of the most bubbly of the South Sea Bubbles they would have jumped at it.

#### Gulling the Gull.

The gentle reader won't believe all this: he fondly fancies that the Americans are dreadfully 'cute—they say so very often; but "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" is written by two Americans, a storyteller and an adapter, and they ought to know. Moreover, our police-court reports indicate that the favourite victim of the confidence trick comes from the States, and anybody who could be caught by the confidence trick is a genuine gull. (Again, I do not know why "gull," for in my experience the gull is a rather crafty, shy bird, and when you are fishing, will look at a piece of bread or dead bait a dozen times or so before he takes it into his beak.) And yet, by means of the confidence trick, the simplest, most obvious of snares, the American gull often is caught and stripped of his green-backs. There was not much sport in it for the "crooks"—not much more than in coot-shooting, or netting herrings. One inhabitant, a lady stenographer, showed some signs of intelligence and distrust, yet after a few pretty words

from Wallingford, she, too, was in the net. Still, if the sport was not very difficult for the "crooks," the spectacle was entertaining to the audience, which smiled, confident in its own astuteness—smiled, and laughed heartily, too, for there were plenty of funny episodes in the American farce, or at least during the three acts which exhibit the deception of Battlesbury.

Dishonesty  
the Best Policy.  
According to a pamphlet  
which the management  
kindly sent to me, the play  
has a moral. It is really too kind of the people



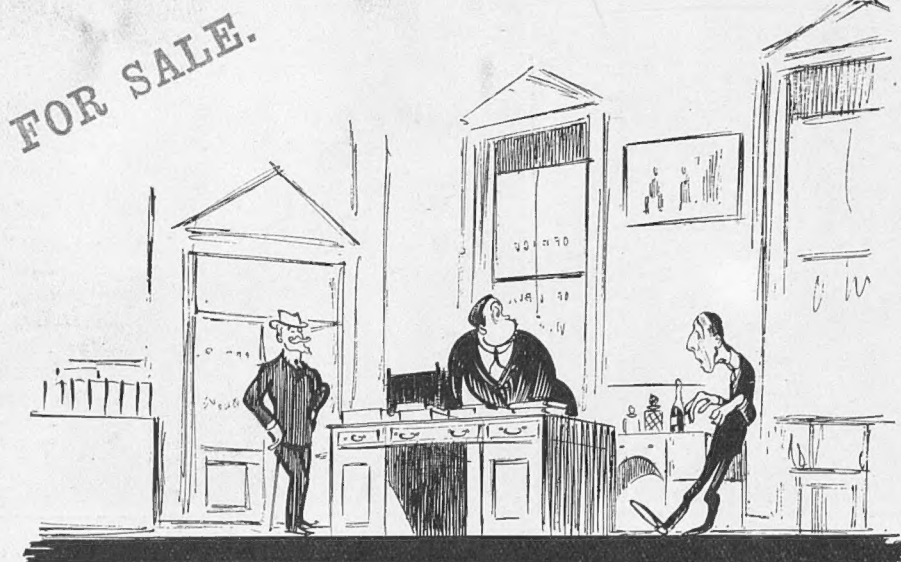
TACK INSPECTION! A "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD" EPISODE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

interested to send ready-made criticisms to us overworked, sweated journalists, which we can use instead of writing our own notices; and yet I expect there would have been some unpleasantness if we had all printed this official criticism, even with some colourable alterations. The moral, if one may judge by the piece, is simply this: "Dishonesty is the best policy," for we see that the "crooks" unintentionally give full value for the dollars they steal, and make fortunes for themselves in the course of the operation. I do not know whether dishonesty is the best policy. The gentleman in the well-known story who had tried both said so; but we are unaware whether his statement was made honestly or dishonestly. My own experiments in dishonesty have not been on a big enough scale to give me a confident opinion. Anyhow, I know that many a rogue dies in the lap of luxury, and thousands of honest, laborious people end their days in the workhouse. I think the last act of the play is rather a mistake: we do not want to see these millionaire rogues chuckling self-righteously over their honesty, when they have more money than they can spend. Honesty in the rich is like virtue in the ugly, or reticence in the dumb. The main feature of the performance of this amusing farce is the work of an American comedian, Mr. Hale Hamilton, who hustles, bustles, and rustles through it with great energy and what theatre folk call "lift." I did not like his irresistible conquering air towards the pretty stenographer, who fell in love with him all the same: however, we all know well that women have very bad taste in men. Also there may be a little bit of jealousy in my criticism, since Miss Madge Fabian, who played the part, is so irresistibly charming that if she should happen to want another job as lady typist—well, the Editor knows my address; and I hope she won't make any mistake and go to our Artist, who is too young to be a connoisseur. (I may add that the latter's efforts at depicting "Monocle" will soon be the subject of legal proceedings.) Mr. Julian Royce

acts very well as the secondary crook. Miss Mary Brough, Miss Simeta Marsden, and Miss Leslie Stuart contribute no little to the gaiety of a merry evening.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



BOWLED OVER BY A MILLION DOLLARS: IN WALLINGFORD'S OFFICE.

In the centre is Mr. Hale Hamilton as J. Rufus Wallingford; on the right is Mr. Julian Royce as Horace Daw.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BY OUR UNTAMED 'ARTIST: "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD."

FOR SALE.



THE BLUFFER AND A SPRINKLING OF THE BLUFFED: MR. HALE HAMILTON AND OTHERS,  
AT THE QUEEN'S.

Mr. George M. Cohan's farce, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," adapted from the stories by George Randolph Chester, is making very good at the Queen's.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





# ON THE LINKS



## ENOUGH TO BUILD SEVERAL DREADNOUGHTS: THE NATION'S GOLF BILL.

WHEN those dear, inconsequent Suffragettes began their campaign against the golf links, the other day, they may have argued from either of two points of view. They could strike terror into the heart of the Government, among whom Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Churchill are of the club-wielders. The two last-named are building houses down in Surrey, in order to be near certain links. They could grieve the Government by wounding the feelings of Mr. Balfour, a friend of their Bill, who plays golf with Mr. Asquith. That line of reasoning, or lack of reasoning, is capable of infinite development. On the other hand, they could bring home their message to the masses, who, according to the Pankhites, do not care a brass farthing for "the cause"; bring it home by way of the putting-green, which, supporters of the game tell us, is the rendezvous of the democracy.

### Our Costliest Religion.

"Details of golf finance are terrific, the total staggering; it must be the pastime of the plutocrat," a non-golfing sister of the suffrage might argue. But it is because the game appeals to so many of the un-moneyed that we get our big figures. Without taking into account the disbursements of members of artisans' and municipal clubs, which in themselves represent quite a large sum—without these, we could build five or six Dreadnoughts per year on the annual outlay on golf. And that takes no account of capital invested. It represents merely subscriptions and the lowest possible outlay of the man who plays only one day a week. A Scotsstatistical demon has calculated to his own satisfaction the figures as to sport, which he terms our costliest religion, and puts the sum at 45½ millions per annum. That works out at about a pound per head per year on sport in general for the entire population. But your one-day-per-week golfer spends annually thirty-four times the average pound.

### Twelve Millions a Year on Golf.

The gentleman over the Border, in the course of his abstract of the nation's sporting accounts, put down three millions a year for golf. And then we knew that we had him. He is possibly nine millions out. We must spend at least twelve millions a year on the golf of the kingdom! Our statistician goes astray through no desire to underestimate the outlay, but simply because he does not know the immensity of the figures upon which his calculations should be based. A man who does know, before venturing upon his sum, took the trouble really to glance over the array of clubs in the land, their membership, the average of days played, the normal outlay

of the player. The master of the census was Mr. Garden Smith, a man who knows. His object was, not to pile up a total, but rather to show that one may golf cheaply and enjoyably; yet his aggregate on the mere matter of subscriptions and inevitable expenditure on the game reached 10½ millions sterling. We may safely add another two millions, for Mr. Garden Smith's census, though authoritative, is not of yesterday. Golf is the greatest catch-my-pal institution in the world. You swear that you will never play, but you do, and having played, you rope in your friends, so that they shall not be of the cranks who do not follow the antient and noble. Memberships are ever growing: so are clubs. Writing on the eve of a journey, one is unable to bring the figures down to the present spring, but, taking the most recent year whose statistics are accessible at the moment, one finds this fact: that there were in existence 1800 clubs available to English players, that these clubs, while varying in membership from 50 up to a 1000, have an average membership of 200 apiece, giving us a total of 360,000 members. Now, on Mr. Garden Smith's reckoning, these between them get through nearly 12½ millions a year.



GOLFING AT ST. RAPHAEL: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH DRIVING AT THE VALESCURE GOLF CLUB.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

### The Golfer's Budget.

"Where does the money go?" the non-golfer will ask; "what is the individual player's outlay?" The authority in question goes carefully into details with a

view to showing how it can be done cheaply. And he breaks up his total into weekly disbursements, with the following result: Subscriptions and entrance-fees, 1s. 2d.; travelling expenses, 2s. 6d.; refreshments, 1s. 6d.; cost, repair, and renewal of clubs, 1s.; golf-balls, 2s.; caddie's and professional's fees, 2s. 6d.; clothes and boots, 2s.; extra week-end expenses, 6d. It seems small enough, but the little weekly 13s. 2d. runs away with £33 16s. 4d. in the course

of the year. Now there are in the foregoing certain items which need not occur in every golfer's budget, but we must allow, in striking our average, for the extravagant man as well as the economical. We must remember, too, that train-fares are not as cheap as they were in the pre-strike days; balls are 20 per cent. dearer than they were; caddies are more expensive, and are affected by the Insurance Act; and clubs, clothes, food and smokes are decidedly not cheaper. Big as our national golf bill is, the game is far cheaper than many forms of sport—renting a grouse-moor, deer-forest, or salmon waters; hunting, polo, or yachting. Decidedly, golf is the middle-class man's game, and it is because so many play it that the total outlay is huge, not because the individual player's expense is heavy.



DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE AT THE VALESCURE GOLF CLUB, ST. RAPHAEL: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



WINNER OF A SILVER MEDAL THE OTHER DAY: VISCOUNT SOUTHWELL (PUTTING) WITH MR. AND MRS. WARRE, ON THE MONTE CARLO GOLF LINKS.

Lord Southwell is the fifth Viscount and was born in 1872. In 1897 he married the Hon. Dorothy Katharine Walrond, daughter of the first Baron Walrond. The first Baron was M.P. for Co. Limerick; the first Viscount was M.P. for Enniscorthy.

*Photograph by Nuvello.*



NO WONDER THE PORTE IS SUBLIME! SECRET-KEEPERS.



GUARANTEED TO HAVE FINGERS IN THE PIE — BUT NOT TONGUES! DEAF MUTES,  
TYPICAL OF ALL THE ATTENDANTS AT THE SUBLIME PORTE, TALKING BY SIGNS.

The correspondent who supplies us with this photograph writes: "The attendants at the Sublime Porte are all deaf mutes; thus no secrets leak out from the Council Chamber. Here are seen two of them talking by signs."

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



ENGAGED TO MAJOR THE  
HON. GEORGE MORRIS: MISS  
DORA WESLEY HALL.

Miss Wesley Hall is the second daughter of the late James Wesley Hall, of Melbourne, Australia, and a step-daughter of Mrs. Wesley Hall, of 6, Berkeley House, Hay Hill, W.

police could not have seen the Levées through at St. James's, if that had been his Majesty's preference.

*The Travelling Princess.* When Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein reaches St. Vincent on her three months' tour through the West Indies, she will stay with the Administrator and the Hon. Mrs. Gideon Murray.

Mr. Gideon Murray, a son of Viscount Elibank, and brother of Lord Murray of Elibank, makes Government House a very pleasant place of call. If the Hon. Everard Feilding, who set out for St. Vincent from London with Mr. and Mrs. Murray last week, makes one of the party to meet the Princess, St. Vincent will be full of good talk in her honour. Although Mr. Feilding has lately been working hard with Bergson at a theory which casts some doubts on the old-fashioned conception of the brain as the seat of consciousness, he still has a head on his shoulders, abides by the time-honoured notion of the functions of the tongue, and indulges a delightful vein of conversation.



TO MARRY MR. HUGH A.  
BAGOT CHESTER THIS MONTH:  
MISS CLOË BROWNE.

Miss Browne is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Browne, and the late Hon. Arthur Henry Browne (sixth son of the third Baron Kilmaine), who died in 1908. She was born in 1886. Before her marriage, in 1885, her mother was known as Miss Clotilde Georgina Wauchope, daughter of Sir John Wauchope, eighth Baronet.

*Photograph by Val L'Estrange.*

THE suggestion that the scene of the Levées was changed from St. James's to Buckingham Palace on account of the ladies who are never invited to such functions is probably fictitious. The late King laughed at the Suffragettes. "What, have you seen one?" he asked, amidst bursts of gaiety; and was never wholly convinced that they could be anything but figures of fun. But George V. does not laugh at them. His Majesty goes to the other extreme, and regards them as figures of tragedy. It is unlikely, considering his feelings on the subject, that he would so far acknowledge their power as to alter his plans substantially on their account. Buckingham Palace is the less accessible of the two places, but it is ridiculous to suggest that the



THE NEW LORD-IN-WAITING TO THE KING, AND HIS WIFE:  
LORD AND LADY ASHBY ST. LEDGERS.

The Rt. Hon. Ivor Churchill, Baron Ashby St. Ledgers, new Lord-in-Waiting-in-Ordinary to the King in place of Lord Willingdon, resigned, is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Wimborne, and brother of Captain F. E. Guest, M.P., Treasurer of the Household, and Major Henry Guest, M.P. He has represented Plymouth as a Unionist, and Cardiff as a Liberal. He was raised to the Peerage in 1910. From that year until last year he was Paymaster-General. In 1902, he married the Hon. Alice Grosvenor, daughter of the second Baron Ebury. —(Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin, and Lallie Charles.)

unconscious of the presence of the Post-Imps gave vent to Van Goghish guffaws at his friend's play. One night Mr. Beerbohm had a Duchess of his own in the stalls as well as on the stage.

*Lord Crawford.* Lord Balcarras takes a great reputation as a connoisseur to the House of Lords, the home of experts—in porcelain, if not in politics. But he is not so adventurous in the world of art as Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Plymouth, and Lord Curzon. Lord Ribblesdale never turns tail at a hedge, and he refused to turn tail at Post-Impressionism. He appears as one of the supporters (with certain reservations) of the Grafton Gallery collection; Lord Plymouth, with a tinge of the rebel in the colour of his beard for his excuse, is put down as another; and so is Lord Curzon—but why he of all men makes any appearance in that particular "queer street" is beyond comprehension. Lord Balcarras, who is usually the first person to be victimised by the

Art Committee-maker, resisted, and goes to the House of Lords without an æsthetic stain upon his character.

*Box Chatterboxes.* Nobody has to stifle more talk at Covent Garden during the acts, and get through more between them, than Lady Cunard. She is not necessarily the chatterbox; it is the talk of others which, if she gave it rein, would make Mr. Beecham frown. The impromptu court held the other night by her, the Duchess of Rutland, and Lady Diana Manners, sitting together, was no less populous than Lady Ripon's, graced by King Manuel. Lady Cunard's circle is not halved by the orchestra; it goes right round the house, before and behind the scenes. Mr. Beecham himself used to run through his scores on her piano at Market Harborough; and she has a drawing-room big enough for the tripping flights and flying runs of Karsavina, and high enough for the leaps of Nijinski.



*A Palace Audience.*

Mr. George Alexander is not the only person to put in a first appearance at the Palace, for Mr. Max Beerbohm's sake. "Max" carries his own little public with him to the stalls and the gallery. In which part of the house he would find the thickest sprinkling of his acquaintance is doubtful, but from the two-shilling seats the other night Mr. Roger Fry, the apostle of the Post-Impressionists, and a follower, beamed down upon a stage they had never seen before; while a professor of a less advanced school of painting, the Post-Imps two seats away,

The impossible story of the forbidding of smoking in the Vatican is probably due to certain Lenten austerities that are being observed by everybody, from the Secretary of State to the Papal printer, in the palace of five thousand rooms. But there is one thing that neither Bulls nor Lent can put an end to. The aroma of coffee floats down the corridors and through the gilded apartments at all hours of the day. Nothing strikes the visitor more, until he sees the Pinturicchio frescoes. Rome just at present is full to overflowing, and every other person one meets in the street is an American. The centre of the old world still continues to exercise a potent spell on the denizens of the new.

*The Vatican's Own Tipple.*

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ENGAGED TO MISS DORA  
WESLEY HALL: MAJOR THE  
HON. GEORGE MORRIS.

Major Morris (of the Irish Guards) is the second son of the late Lord Morris, and the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Killanin.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*

*A Palace Audience.*

Mr. George Alexander is not the only person to put in a first appearance at the Palace, for Mr. Max Beerbohm's sake. "Max" carries his own little public with him to the stalls and the gallery. In which part of the house he would find the thickest sprinkling of his acquaintance is doubtful, but from the two-shilling seats the other night Mr. Roger Fry, the apostle of the Post-Impressionists, and a follower, beamed down upon a stage they had never seen before; while a professor of a less advanced school of painting, the Post-Imps two seats away,



TO MARRY MISS ALICE  
GOLDNEY ON FEBRUARY 15:  
SIR JOHN GOLDNEY.

Miss Goldney is the eldest daughter of Major F. C. N. Goldney. Sir John Goldney, who was born in 1846, is a brother of Sir Prior Goldney, Bt. He has been a Puisne Judge and Acting Chief Justice of British Guiana, Puisne Judge of the Straits Settlements, and Chief Justice of Trinidad. In 1875 he married Miss Jane Macgregor Laird, who died in 1911.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER: MISS GLADYS COOPER WITH JOAN.

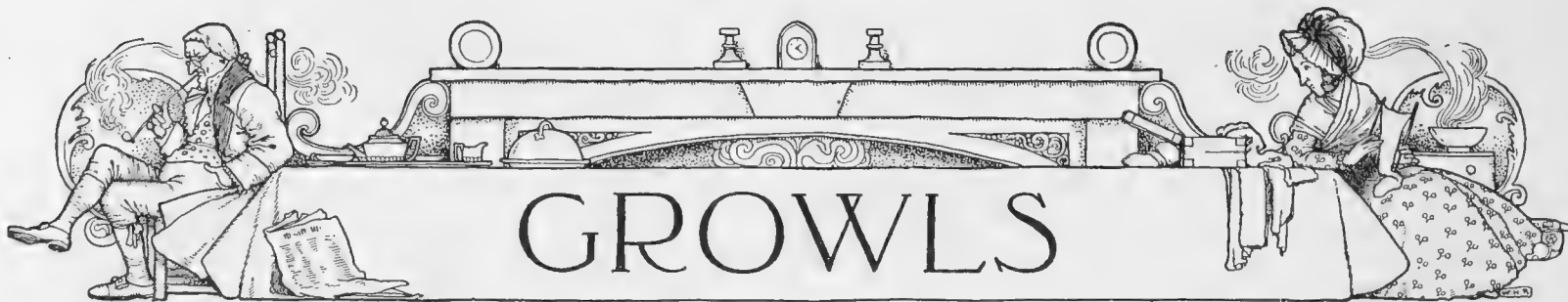


AND DAUGHTER: MRS. H. BUCKMASTER (MISS GLADYS COOPER), THE MURIEL PYM OF "MILESTONES,"  
AT THE ROYALTY.

Miss Gladys Cooper, formerly well known at the Gaiety, and since for more serious work, including Beauty in "Everywoman," at Drury Lane, and Muriel Pym in "Milestones," the character she is now playing, married Mr. H. Buckmaster, son of the Rev. I. N. Buckmaster, of Ramsgate, towards the end of 1908.

*Photographs by Rita Martin.*





THE ANNOYANCE OF ANECDOTE: A RISING AGAINST THE RACONTEUR.

I CAN conscientiously claim to be no spoil-sport, and I would hesitate to say or do anything to constitute myself a damper on the gaiety of nations, and especially such gaiety as this particular nation can boast of. I trust that I am not absolutely destitute of a sense of humour, and I like to think myself a good listener. I indulge in this somewhat protracted and portentous preamble in order to make my position quite clear and to show that I do not write entirely in a spirit of undiluted curmudgeonry. All the same, I feel myself impelled to raise my voice in protest, not only in self-defence, but with a view to ameliorating the lot of thousands of my compatriots and contemporaries whose sufferings must be as poignant as my own. In so doing I imagine that I shall earn the unspoken gratitude of all those circumstanced similarly to myself. I allude to the omnipresence in our midst of worthy and well-meaning persons who, in their desire to brighten life and to justify their own existence, insist on telling stories. I live and breathe and have my being in the midst of men and affairs, and in the course of every twenty-four hours I meet with all sorts and conditions, and experience teaches me that each one of them feels it to be his social duty and his duty to himself to tell me what he holds to be the very latest. Confident of his power to please, he will buttonhole me in club-rooms, in hotel corridors, in theatres, and even in crowded thoroughfares, will, like the Ancient Mariner, hold me with his glittering eye, and will pour his story into my reluctant ear.

The Way of the World.

moment I espy an instinctively conscious that he has it in his mind to amuse me and to do his best to make my life less drab and dreary by communicating the newest yarn that he has accumulated during his passage through life. The formula is painfully familiar to me. He will begin by venturing the opinion that it is nothing short of an impertinence to attempt to tell me, of all people in the world, a story which I have not already heard, but he has got hold of something so deliriously delicious that he must have his try. I, in duty bound, knowing exactly what modern society expects of me, yet gloomily conscious of what is impending, reassure him and invite him to proceed.

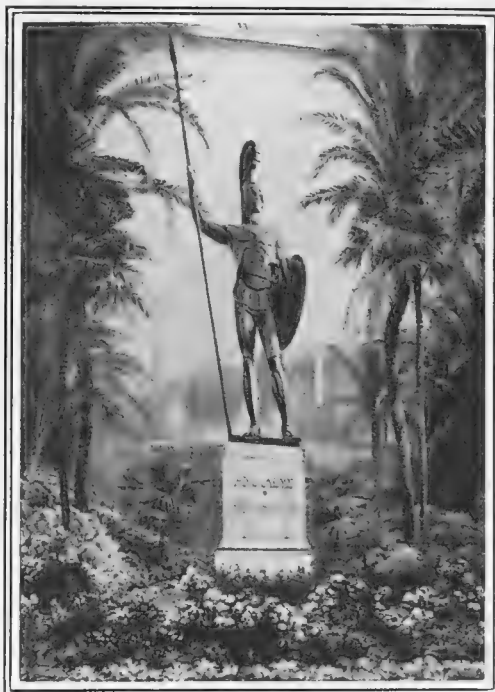
He next, in order to make certain that he is on safe ground, assumes an attitude of interrogation, and breathlessly inquires whether I have heard the yarn, say, of the three Americans who met in

a railway carriage after not seeing each other for many years. In perfect good faith and with no *arrière pensée*, yet with an inward feeling that all is not well, I relieve his mind on the point and assure him that this trio of Transatlantics has never come within my anecdotal ken, and he continues. Rejoicing in his momentary triumph, he starts his story with much ponderous elaboration of detail, and gradually I begin to see through the haze of his descriptiveness that he is approaching a climax which was not only familiar but nauseous to me when I was a young man of some promise at Oxford. The only difference between the then and the now is that in mid-Victorian days it was told of three Irishmen who met on a Channel boat.

A Way Out.

I am not going to maintain that it is an easy matter for the average man to establish himself as a conversational success. Efforts to diagnose the weather have a tendency to result in the obvious; the subject of politics is as like as not to lead to a fracas; even the latest murder case will pall after a time, and theology at the moment is hardly the height of fashion. But I would put it with all the strenuousness at my disposal that at my time of life I might reasonably hold myself to be entitled to be immune from this form of narrative attack. I believe it to be true that there are only five good yarns in the world, and I know myself to be fully familiar with the whole quintet. All others are but bungling variants cooked up by the clumsy and inexperienced, and just as all roads lead to Earl's Court, so do all these efforts to modernise merely make one look back ruefully on the days when one was more readily amused. Setting aside the dismal fact that there are but few of us who can tell a story really well (and unless it be well told, no story is good enough

to listen to), these haggard endeavours to entertain are productive merely of sensations to which the alarming growth of homicide may possibly be attributed. We are pretty well under the thumb of the law nowadays, and I think that this is a case where the long arm might actually be of some service. We cannot keep a dog without a license, and a license is necessary before we can drive a motor-car. Could we not also license the raconteur, making him give satisfactory proofs beforehand of the adequacy and acceptability of his repertoire? Could we not make him provide himself with a card and order him to stick a stamp on it every time he spins his favourite yarn, such



THE KAISER'S HOLIDAY RESORT, ON THE BERLIN STAGE: A FEATURE OF THE SCENERY—THE PARK WITH THE STATUE OF ACHILLES.



THE KAISER'S HOLIDAY RESORT, ON THE BERLIN STAGE: A CORFU PEASANT-DANCE IN THE SPECTACLE "CORCYRA" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

The recent performance at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, in honour of the Kaiser's birthday yielded a ballet very closely concerned with Corfu, to which his Imperial Majesty is apt to go—to his castle, the Achilleion—for occasional holidays. In the first scene, which takes place in the Temple of Gorgon, an idea is given of the struggle between Corcyra and Corinth; the second shows the life of the Corfu of to-day, with local songs, dances, and festivities.

card to be subjected to monthly Governmental inspection, and the license to be revocable on evidence of undue iteration? I await the activity of the authorities.

MOSTYN T. FIGOTT.

A STOCK LINE.



UNDECIDED CUSTOMER (*in Parisian shop*): How much easier it is to choose a husband!

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.



# FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

## THE CIGARETTE OF PEACE: A DELEGATE BECOMES ANECDOTAL.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"HAVE another of these," he said. "Rather decent—they come from Turkey."

"And likewise ending in smoke!" I said, accepting my fifth cigarette.

The Oriental looked up, with one of his rare smiles. "There are in Constantinople many fascinating women," he mused aloud; "but they are very slow-witted."

"Isn't that rather apropos of nothing?" I asked, fishing shamelessly. But the diplomat smiled his slow, *spirituel* smile, and said nothing, which is the best part of diplomacy, provided your interlocutor has imagination and—especially—vanity.

We were sitting in the low-roofed "parlour" of my cottage, my friend the delegate, with one of my little children on each knee, and myself on the hearthrug, keeping bright the fire, but letting the conversation become spasmodic, nonsensical, and enjoyable.

"You may close your eyes and your lips and rest," I suggested. "Peace is so exhausting. A King before luncheon, a Minister for tea, and a Duke for dinner must be too rich a diet for a frugal Oriental. Shall I make you a third cup of coffee *à la mode de chez vous* while Petite May reads you some of her blank verses to soothe your soul?" Petite May, climbing down from the diplomat's knee, stood at attention on the tiger-skin and, smoothing her pinny, began in her white voice—

"Souple et légère  
Je courais dans la rosée;  
Les fleurs riaient aux oiseaux  
Qui criaient bonjour au soleil,  
Et moi je revins me jeter sur le cœur  
de ma mère.—May-Norah-Curtin."

Her habit of reciting her name at the end of her poems always proves very effective, and, after her most tragic lines, acts as a somewhat risible anti-climax. "Now that I have said what I knew,

please, Mehmet," she asked coaxingly, with one ear over one shoulder, "tell me what the King said, and did he wear his crown?"

"No, he had put it in his pocket, not to make us humble, silk-hatted, ordinary people feel jealous. As to what he said, I would tell you every word, were not your Mamma Martouche listening to

our conversation. I do not trust your Mamma over-much, Petite May." The eyes of Petite May became two large blue points of interrogation.

"Because," he explained, "I have seen a spot of ink on her finger, and a typewriting machine hiding itself, as well it may,

under the flounce of the sofa-cover. But I can tell you stories, and your Mamma may listen, and compare her pride of Frenchwoman with the humility of the Hanoum. Where shall I begin? I have brought from the East enough tales to take a thousand-and-one afternoons in the telling, and tomorrow—or to-day even—I may leave London, and leave the most wonderful tale only half-told. Where shall I begin, Petite May?



1000-BLOSSOM-POWER: A BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED MOTOR-CAR AT THE NICE BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Shall I tell you how once I hid in a Turkish house where a wedding was taking place, and watched a hundred beautiful women, bare-shouldered except for their magnificent jewels, eating, chatting, and laughing, intriguing, and—without their yashmak? Shall I tell you the sad story of a young girl-friend of mine, the daughter of a grand vizier, whose fiancé was taken from her to become the husband of a Sultan's daughter? The Princess, who was divorced and, consequently, heart-free (why, Madame, do you laugh?), happened to see from her carriage on her way to the bazaar the beautiful future husband of my girl-friend. On her return to the Palace she ran to her august father. 'There is, O Most High,' said she, 'in your city of Constantinople, a young man of such perfection, both of face and figure, that neither will I eat, nor sleep, nor smile until, by your imperial decree, he shall have been given unto me as a husband!' And her will was done."

"And what of the poor derelict daughter of the grand vizier?"

"Oh, she married another husband, and was comforted."

"But it was not the husband she wanted!"

"You talk, Madame, as a Western woman. A husband is a husband for our Hanoums. That husband made my friend very happy indeed; he gave her most wonderful pearls, and only bought three other wives. Shall I speak to you of the beauty of the Circassian slaves, with their fair hair, black eyes, long and sleepy, and their skin creamy like milk? Shall I tell you how 'Les Désenchantées,' by your countryman, Pierre Loti, is *ben trovato*, besides being exquisite reading, like most fairy-tales? Shall I tell you?"—a knock and a yellow envelope—"Au revoir, Petite May and her Mamma. I must go back to the blue Bosphorus, but I will come again in the spring, and, by the Prophet! finish my story."



IN HER LOUIS XVI. CAR, AT THE NICE BATTLE OF FLOWERS: MME. DE MONTGRILLON.

Photograph by Excelsior Illustrations.



THE "PRAM" AS SEEN IN A VILLAGE NEAR CHAMOUNIX, THE BABY-CARRIAGE IN APPROPRIATE WINTER-SPORT FORM.

Photograph by Sport and General.

SAY NINETY - NINE !

FOR SALE.



HARLEY STREET !

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.





MARY SMITH IN THE HARİM: "VEILED WOMEN."\*

The Marrying of Mary and Yûsuf.

In Cairo, before the hey-day of Arabi Pasha, in the twelve hundred and eightieth year of the Hegirah, the second of the reign of Ismail, Mary Smith, English governess, decided to wed Yûsuf Bey, son of Muhammad Pasha Sâlih, a Turk by origin, but born and bred in Egypt, and, to be able to do so, turned to El Islâm. The Consul sought to dissuade her; and so did others—in vain. She was thorough in her desires. "When the Pasha came and begged her, in most flattering terms, to condescend to marry his unworthy son, she nearly swooned. All her resistance sprang from incredulity. When once convinced that the demand was earnest, she gave way with grateful tears; then her resolve became a living faith. It was to break the bondage of the past completely, to cast in her lot for ever with these friends who wanted her." She fell into certain of the customs at once. Within a few days she was saying: "You think because we [note the "we"] veil, that we are quite degraded, the same as we do when we see your faces bare. The difference is one of custom only." And, in the manner now so favoured in the ultra-modern plays, she sought the chance of motherhood. In the harim, where she became Barakah—"the Godsend"—she found friends and enemies. The jealous mother of her husband to be tried to poison her. Sipping sherbet from a vase, she disliked the bitter taste, and poured it upon a plant of jasmine, in a flower-pot. The plant died.

In the Harim—and a Bride.

Other things she knew, too—gorgeous silks, hennaed fingers, kohl-enlarged eyes, the habbarah and mouth-veil, the guard of eunuchs, the embarrassing pranks of the bridal visit to the women's Hammam, languorous hours—then marriage. On her wedding-day "the Englishwoman" had surrendered to the importunities of all the household, and submitted to be dressed entirely as an Eastern bride. Her feet and hands had been well dyed with henna overnight; her hair was intricately plaited, smeared with an ointment smelling strong of ambergris, and sprinkled with gold-dust until it made a close and shining covering; her lips and cheeks were painted, and her eyes enlarged with kohl. Then came the putting on of splendid clothes amid a din of chatter. . . . a jewelled crown completing her apparel. She was led with joy-cries to the great reception-room. . . . She sat idle, feeling like a wooden image, and met the criticising stare of strangers, who perfunctorily blessed her." There were singing and dancing—of the most Eastern style. "At last a great noise came from the Selamlîk. A eunuch rushed to say that the procession of the bridegroom to the mosque had just returned. At once, a heavy veil, precluding sight, was flung on Barakah. The bride's train formed. With tapers and with garlands, amid joy-cries, she was led to her own gilded salon, and there left alone. In the same instant, so it seemed to her, the bridegroom came. Her veil was lifted. She felt like to die."

Despised of the English.

Soon afterwards she experienced marital tiffs—usually over small matters. Knitting wool and needles being hers, she decided to make slippers for her husband. "Are you a shoemaker?" he asked. "If you want slippers, buy them in the market. It is not your trade. When one like you employs the needle, it is not for use." . . . "He had his own ideas. The coloured wools were given to Fatûmah, who made anklets of them. . . . The Pasha came and begged her not to imagine that she was debarred from every pleasure." So she determined on an outing, and drove, correctly veiled, to see the very English Mrs. Cameron, who, as chance would have it, was holding a reception. Her welcome was distinctly cold. "Barakah felt that Mrs. Cameron disliked her coming. That lady looked upon her as a fallen creature. . . . no longer to be classed with English women. The prejudice stung Barakah to downright impudence. . . . She began to chatter and laugh loudly. . . . She talked of harim life." Then she left and, still unwittingly unwise, decided to walk home. Yûsuf "seemed thunderstruck at her appearance. Hearing Ghandûr's story, he asked God for help, and raised his arm to strike her. She fell fainting at his feet." She did not know the shame, the indelicacy of walking in the dust! Locked doors followed. Next came typhoid. Then, a new spirit. "She had been exasperated with her Eastern life. She awoke to rapture in it. She learned that the world of women was 'a great republic, with liberties extending to the meanest slave.' . . . Unless in jealous fury, no woman would inform against another, bond or free. . . ."



A REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF RUDYARD KIPLING: A SUPPOSED LITERARY SHRINE IN BOMBAY.



THE ACTUAL BIRTHPLACE OF RUDYARD KIPLING: A SMALL HOUSE ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BOMBAY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The house referred to in the first photograph as a reputed birthplace of Rudyard Kipling is the smallest there seen, just behind the "ticca-garrie" which is driving up the street. The site of the actual birthplace is shown, in the second photograph, by Director Burns (in white), of the Grammar School, who says: "While Mr. Lockwood Kipling held the post of Modelling Professor in Bombay, his son, Rudyard Kipling, the well-known writer, was born in a small house in the compound in which the school now stands."—[Photographs by E. A. Forbes.]

and then "cageing" again. Towards the end, the English came. She wrote to a great official, saying that she wished to make an important statement to him. He received her. "I ask your help to get away from the harim," she said. He refused: it was not his affair. "You see," he said, "we are here as guardians of the laws and customs of the country. We could hardly, therefore, interfere in a case such as yours—a harim quarrel." She was again transformed. "Until just now she had been strong in the conceit that she was different from Eastern women, recognisably of higher race. . . . Now that mirage, born of the sleepy harim atmosphere, was swept away; and she was nothing. . . . She was glad to be returning to the life so lately dreaded, the vision of herself in English eyes had so appalled her. . . . The harim was her natural home; the teaching of the wise and kindly Prophet her protection. . . . She took up the old Muslim standpoint." A most engrossing study this of Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's creation.

"She Took Up the Muslim Standpoint."

In such a way did her life change, passing from the West to the East, with joys and fears, the coming and the death of children, abhorrent sacrifices of beasts, self-praise, love of husband and doubts of his fidelity. And, in after-years, with the death of her soldier-son—killed, as a tyrant, by his own men—the ardent desire to stray, alone and homeless, back to Christian lands;

\* "Veiled Women." By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

A PAIR OF CONJUGATIONS.

FOR SALE.



JONES (after dining at a friend's house): What a pity it is that old Boodle always splits his infinitives.  
BROWN: The silly Juggins! Why doesn't he have 'em made bigger?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## CYRIL'S P - LUCK.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

THERE'S a lot of luck in pluck.

To appreciate the sheer wit of this remark, you want to spell it; unless you happen to have a stutter.

With that sentence the bright and brainy part of this story is finished. It was, so to speak, the high-level departure platform; henceforth it's all down-hill to the terminus. There will be no further attempts at soaring; indeed, from now until the bitter end it will seem more as if this story was written at the bottom of a mine.

Without desiring to harp, what I'm trying to drive into you is that without luck there's no pluck; and often with luck there need be no pluck. It's a rocky bit of reasoning about here, and I don't know if you'll be able to follow me. Take an instance—

Suppose a chap dies a hero's death, and there's nobody there to see him doing it, how do you know he's done it?

It's simply waste of time waiting for a clear day to tackle this, because the answer will be just the same. Nobody knows; unless, of course, there's a ring of slain round him—and even then somebody will suggest he put them there himself.

Irrefutable logic. What? Learn the phrase, and pass along, please, to the next instance.

Presume a man (we supposed a chap, last time; note the variety of diction employed) gets drawn into a brawl with a fellow, and, being of a peaceable nature, desires to go home in the middle of it, and the brawler chases him round a gasometer. (The gasometer gets drawn into this because it's so round). The brawlee, having more to urge him on, gets more and more ahead of the brawler. The night watchman wakes up, and seeing their respective positions, jumps to the conclusion that it is the brawlee who is pursuing the brawler.

What happens after that is another story, and has nothing to do with the argument we're involved in.

Now, unless going round that gasometer has made you giddy, you see my point.

Being lucky, the brawlee, without being plucky, gains a reputation for courage.

Had there been a gasometer, or a night-watchman, Cyril's reputation for heroism would have been gained under precisely similar circumstances.

This story being absolutely true, there is no opening for anything in the nature of a biography, but a slight character-sketch of Cyril ought to be inserted here, even if it's at the customary advertisement rates.

I have known Cyril from infancy. We were not exactly educated together, but we went to school together. Even when we grew old enough to know better, we were still friends.

Except that Cyril was a non-smoker, he had absolutely no vices. He was a pretty popular chap at the club; you could talk to him for hours and he'd never attempt to retaliate. In fact, I've known men lose money betting he was awake. The only way you could really tell, without touching him, was by watching if his glass ebbed and flowed.

I'm a heavy supper-eater, but I never so much as dreamed he'd ever get married. I couldn't see where he'd find the girl. One of the best old sorts, mind you, but absolutely nothing to make a girl leave home for. As far as intellect is concerned, we've all got our weak spots; but, positively, Cyril was spot all the time.

When he first told me he was in love, I took it placidly. He is a true sportsman. There wasn't a Maiden Handicap throughout the country that he didn't enter for. He was never fancied,

however, and, to mix my metaphors, he could have claimed a pair of white gloves at every session.

When he told me, shortly afterwards, that the girl loved him, I knew exactly what had happened. His brain—if I can use the word of a friend—had gone.

Nevertheless, it was too true.

Agnes Hetherington was her name.

Love, I heard a fellow say once, is blind. Myself, I'm no optimist, so I don't know. All I *do* know is that before Agnes had any eye trouble she had refused more offers than any girl in the country.

She said that Cyril had hidden depths in his character: in finding them, she, a frail young girl, had accomplished a feat of excavation that would have tired a buck navvy.

At the risk of an injunction from "Who's Who," our next paragraph deals with—

*General Maximilian Hannibal Hetherington, D.S.O., V.C., etc., etc.*

Just imagine having a father-in-law like that for your very own—*Maximilian Hannibal*. Brought up to it, you can see, from infancy. His voice resembled a fog-horn, except when he was angry, and then he used to shout. He was six-foot-one in his socks, and about twelve-foot-two in a temper. He had a complexion like a scarlet geranium, and that was the only thing flower-like about him.

Agnes used to say that his bark was worse than his bite; I'm as plucky as most men at talking about what I'd do, but I wouldn't have gone within a yard of his mouth, not even if I'd known for a positive fact that he had rubber teeth.

For a time the course of their love ran smooth, and then the old man got to hear of it, and it buckled badly.

He swore that the first time he clapped eyes on Cyril would be the last, and he told me to advise Cyril never to go out without his name and address pinned on him, in case it was a stranger who swept him up.

For days afterwards Cyril ran a frightful risk of developing spiral-neck, trying to look round the back of his head to see if old Hetherington was in sight.

He was so alarmed at the idea of meeting the old General that I believe he used to sleep in his overcoat, in case they met unexpectedly, and he had to take to the open country.

At the club, the waiters used to follow him about, making up the fires, under the impression he'd got the "flu" or something, and poor old Cyril used to sit with his overcoat on, longing for the hot weather to set in. It was quite melting to watch him.

"She's the only girl I've ever loved," he said to me one day, wiping his forehead, and telling the waiter to fetch him an iced drink; "I won't give her up."

"It's more serious than that," I told him; "she's the only girl that's ever loved you—and the girl that can do that isn't the make to give you up."

"Don't stand there warming yourself," he said irritably. "I shall complain to the Committee the way these beastly waiters waste the coal. They say that constant dripping will wear away a stone; it's worn me away nearly two stone during the last week."

"My dear old chum," I said, "why wrap up here? The old General isn't a member."

Now this proves that what I'm writing is historical narrative, because in fiction it never happens. At the moment I said that, the boy came up and blew a fly off my ear. At least, that was what

[Continued overleaf.]

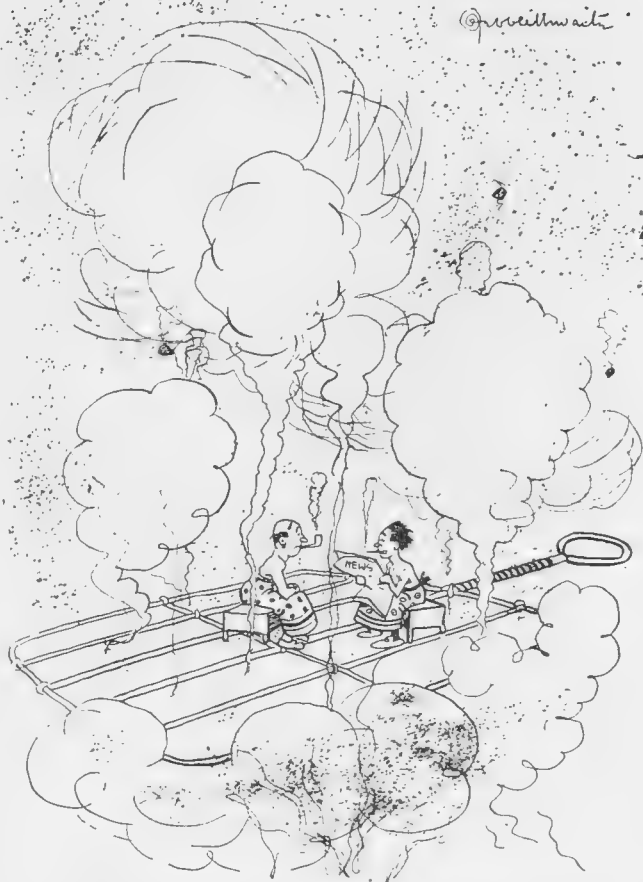
FOR SALE.

WARM CORNERS.

FOR SALE.



'AROLD : Who giv' yer yer black eye, Jimmie?  
JIMMIE : No one. I was lookin' thro' a knot-hole in the fence  
at a football match, an' got it sunburnt.  
DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



THE LATE JONES (to his gridiron companion in the lower regions):  
I see they're feeling the heat in the old country, too!  
DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.

FOR SALE.



THE HOOLIGAN : Nah ven, old cock, 'and over that bag o' yours.  
THE LAW-ABIDING ANARCHIST : Certainly, gommeade, certainly! But, for ze lov of heaven, poot away zat peestol.  
I am zo afraid my 'and shake zo zat I drop ze bag, and it ees full of bombs!  
DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



I thought he was doing at first, but it turned out at the next puff that he was telling me there was a gentleman to see me.

The long arm, eh? I knew without asking that it was old Hetherington. I could tell from the way Cyril turned pale beneath his flush that he'd guessed too.

"Be brave," I said, squeezing his hand as I passed—"he won't eat you; it's against the bye-laws for members to be consumed on the premises."

When I came back with the General, old Cyril had disappeared. I guessed, however, that he had not taken to the woods from the fact that he had left his overcoat over his chair.

"Ha—er—um!" said the old chap, like a Gatling gun with a cough. He fixed me with a glare that made my eyes water, and gave a sudden smack at the table. "Don't jump like a confounded jack-in-the-box. And don't cry—I'm not going to hurt you. Listen to me. Are you capable of conveying a simple message? Don't shilly-shally. Yes or no. And don't mumble; if you can't speak, nod your head.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, the Lord's given you a good conceit of yourself, anyhow. Merciful heavens! don't sit there nodding like a confounded Chinese Mandarin. Waggle once, and then let it alone. Now then, sit up and pay attention. Tell your little friend that I intend my daughter to marry a *man*. A MAN, do you understand?—not a miserable, chicken-hearted little whipper-snapper like him. By George, when I think of a grandson of mine having him for a father, it makes me downright ill. I suppose *you* don't care whether I'm ill or not, you selfish little devil! Don't smile at me in that inane way. I don't know what you mean, and I wouldn't believe it if I did. However, that's not the point. Tell him, from me, to give up wasting his time, and look out for some simple-minded nurse for a wife. *Listen!* Next week Agnes and I go abroad. Don't keep interrupting me; I came here to give you a message, not to talk to you. That's all. G'-af'noon."

When I came back from seeing him out, I saw the sleeve of Cyril's overcoat sticking out straight, and a bump that seemed to indicate that Cyril was behind, using it as a telescope.

"Z'e gone?" he hissed, turning it into a speaking-tube.

"Yes," I said. "My brave Cyril," I continued, as I helped him to crawl out from under the coat, "if he had sat on you!"

Without reply, Cyril shook himself free of his fur-lined coat.

"Phew!" he gasped, puffing his cheeks, "this is like heaven."

"Yes," I said, "it must have been as hot as—must be a change from being in that coat. Well, you're biffed, my boy. Love's young dream is o'er; give your eyes a rub and wake up."

"Never," said Cyril, "I'll win her yet."

"My dear old sportsman," I cried, "you're not properly awake yet. This isn't a raffle. Besides, didn't you hear what the General said? They're going abroad next week."

"No matter," said Cyril, with such a frightful scowl that I was afraid he was going to add: "A time will come." But he restrained himself. "Chicken-hearted, am I? A whipper-snapper, am I?" he went on, quite ferociously. "Ha, ha! I'll show him. I defy him!"

"Cyril," I said sadly, "your eyes are bigger than your teeth. You've bitten off more than you can chew. I can see a most appalling attack of indigestion ahead of you."

"No," he said; "the lion is roused in me. I feel as if I had swallowed a menagerie. The blood of my jolly old ancestors is boiling in me."

With that he snatched up his hat and marched out into the cold, dreary street, leaving his overcoat behind.

The consequences were that when I got a note next day, asking me to call round and see him, I found him sitting on the edge of his bed, with his feet in hot mustard-and-water, tallowing his nose.

"Old chab," he said, "it's all seddled. We're gooid do elobe."

"Tallow it again, old man," I said. "I didn't catch that. Going to what?"

"Elobe. Rud away."

"Elobe?"

"Yed, I said elobe. I'm gooid do meed her this evenid. I wad you do accombadly me."

To learn that a chap who up to then had taken most of his exercise out in snoring was going to elope was a bit of a shock. I should not have been more surprised if a dormouse had unexpectedly woke up and mentioned he was going ratting.

However, he'd got it all arranged. We were to be outside the General's house at midnight in a motor. I was to go as a combined chauffeur, chaperon, and best man.

We were there to time all right. We should have been earlier if Cyril had had his way, and I hadn't taken the car a trifle too sharply round a corner.

"Be brave, Cyril," I whispered, as we stopped outside the General's gate. "Remember, once aboard the motor and the girl is yours. Shout if there is any danger, and I'll see about taking the car back by myself."

I had always had the idea that the fellows who stay at home wondering what is happening to their dear old pals out at the war are the true heroes; now I was convinced. To sit there all alone, wondering which way the battle was going, was a nerve-shattering experience. For one thing, I couldn't see what Cyril wanted to go up to the house at all for; it would have been just as easy for the girl to have come out to us.

For about ten minutes there was such a strange, uncanny silence that I began to think that the girl had cried off at the last moment, and that Cyril was consoling himself with forty winks on the front doorstep.

And then suddenly the deathlike silence was broken into about a couple of thousand pieces.

"Hel—," Cyril screamed, "help!"

I jumped down from the car and set it going; as I did so, somebody came tearing out of the gateway.

"It's all right, Miss Hetherington," I shouted, grabbing her by the arm; "hop in." The next moment a horse gave me a fearful kick in the jaw, and an express train ran over me. It wasn't Miss Hetherington, after all. As I watched it speeding up the road, I came to the conclusion that it was a comet.

Meanwhile Cyril was making noises like a steamboat caught in a fog.

I reflected that I could die only once, and having been half-killed already, the rest of the journey couldn't be more painful. I lit one of the car's lamps and went to see what was happening.

The first thing I saw was Cyril on the ground with some burly outsider kneeling on his chest, scraping up the gravel path with his head.

Cyril told me in confidence, afterwards, that he had bumped into him by accident, and for the rest of the time he was apologising for his clumsiness and trying to get away. The stranger, however, seemed to have jumped to the conclusion that Cyril was collaring him, and *he* was trying to get away.

The next thing that happened was that the General burst out of the house and hit the fellow who was occupying Cyril's chest with something that hurt.

Then the household brigade came out, and at the General's request, invited us all into the house.

One of the servants also dragged in a sack and turned out a collection of silver on to the floor.

As soon as the General saw this, he turned to Cyril, who was busy trying to brush the gravel out of his hair, and caught him by both hands.

"My dear lad," he cried, "I have wronged you."

Cyril spat a mouthful of sand out.

"You have," said his daughter, woman-like, butting into the conversation, instead of busying herself with an explanation of what she was doing in a motor-coat at that hour of the night.

"Confound it, aren't I saying I have?" shouted her father. "How did it happen?"

"We were passing in our car," I said, seeing that the conversation only wanted a bit of a shove to be turned into a vote of thanks, "when Cyril saw this scoundrel at his nefarious work. Didn't you, Cyril?"

Cyril gave a frightful sneeze.

"Good Gad, man, speak; don't nod in that disgusting manner! And I suppose you dashed in and collared the ruffian."

"Of course he did," said Miss Hetherington. "Father, you owe him an apology."

"Will you go upstairs and put some decent clothes on?" snapped her father. "What do you think I'm doing in my pyjamas in a draughty hall, if I'm *not* apologising? Somebody fetch me my overcoat; and come along, you boys, to the smoking-room—there's a fire there. Damme, my boy, I'm proud of you!"

Which just proves what I say. Heroism is nothing but luck with a "p" in front of it.

THE END.



## LORD AND LADY GRANARD.

**L**AST week Lady Granard, with the assistance of her husband, gave the champion dinner-party of the year. The Master of the Horse, innocent of spurs, had motored back from the first Levée in time to welcome his guests in Halkin Street. Two Ambassadors, with the most beautiful of the Ambassadors, were present. Mr. F. E. Smith sat among a bunch of Liberal peers, and Mr. Churchill, who has generally to go to Blenheim or some house at the cross-roads of the Parties when he meets his cousin, had the rare experience of greeting the Duke of Marlborough in a stronghold of Liberalism.

## Parties and Penances.

Although the bulk of Liberal entertaining, or House work, falls on Lady Granard the more heavily now that her compatriot, Lady Craven, is in mourning, her dinner-party was not wholly political. She admitted that on this occasion she attacked her duties, and her address-book, somewhat whimsically; and the Duke had no objection to abandoning his ceremonious official duties for an evening out. Lord and Lady Granard, who, as Catholics, take Lent seriously, decided that Shrove Tuesday was the day for a little fling. The penitential season may be filled with social engagements of a more official order without losing one jot of its character.

## Flowers of Speech, and Some Others.

This does not mean that Lady Granard is bored by her position as hostess for the Liberal Party. On the contrary, she is much, and always, amused. Therein lies her success, and her rarity. She can give her whole heart to the arrangement of her flowers for the benefit of elderly Parliamentarians who never see orchids without thinking of Birmingham, and who never see anything on a table except the dishes. Putting on her famous white furs, she sheds her pink-and-white radiance upon the least promising gatherings in the name of Charity or Party, and makes her little speech with a reckless disregard for the dullness of her hearers. She has a zest for her English life; and Englishwomen marvel at her.

## The New Yorker and Her Children.

"It's better to be dead in New York than alive in London," is Mr. Hammerstein's view—the view of the American man with American axes to grind. The American women have other standards; and though Lady Granard would not agree that she has become an Englishwoman since her marriage, some sort of change is worked among American women who settle in Europe. Rome, with its dozen American princesses, is not less Italian than of old on their account, and the English peerage does not grow less English for its thirteen peeresses from the States. Even if Lady Granard herself persists in remaining delightfully American, she must have no hopes

for the next generation. Put the English character through the Ogden Mills, and it comes out—British! The Ladies Moira and Eileen Forbes, aged three and one, are dedicated not to the traditions of Staatsburg, N.Y., but to those of County Longford. The manner of their christening, which necessitated the erection of an altar in the drawing-room at Forbes House, was entirely Transatlantic; but the names they got on that occasion are according to the Irish fashion. Eileen is diligently schooled in a few phrases from New York, but even a suggestion of an accent is quite beyond her young powers.

## Beatrice Pulls Lady Granard's position the Ropes.

in England is quite unusual enough to be amusing. She is the first American, or nearly so, whose husband has held a high Court appointment. Up to the present no American woman has been given a position in the Queen's Household; Staatsburg can send us a girl to run the social concerns of a Government, and to mother the younger generation, but is not yet allowed to send us a Lady-in-Waiting or, to name the inconceivable, a Mistress of the Robes. For all that, Lady Granard was specially honoured. She had her own particular presentation to their Majesties before the first Court of her first season as a London hostess. That first season was not, by the way, her first in London. At Dorchester House she and her cousin (now Mrs. John Ward) learnt the ropes, and have pulled them ever since. "Strings," at least in relation to Lady Granard's large concerns, has too fragile a sound.

## Her Mission.

In the first place, she pulled Forbes House into shape. Just midway between Grosvenor Place and Belgrave Square, it lies behind walls as high as a convent's. Inside, its crimson hangings remind one of the prevalent colour in the palaces of Rome, and that Lady Granard has made several pilgrimages to the city of the Popes. In the second place, she has helped to pull the County Longford estate out of the fire. Now she seems to be succeeding in an attempt to pull the social side of politics out of some of its wet blankets.

## Husband and Wife.

Lord Granard enjoys his London, his house, his parties, his position. But most of all he enjoys the manner in which they are brought to him. A soldier and a courtier, with a manner that does credit to the double calling, he would not, nevertheless, have sought to make a mark on his own account. Lady Granard's services are sometimes spoken of as being given to the Liberal Party. They are given solely to her husband. Lord Granard's interests in life are sometimes said to be wrapped up in the Liberal Party: his interest in life is Lady Granard.



THE EARL OF GRANARD.

Bernard Arthur William Patrick Hastings Forbes, P.C., K.P., eighth Earl of Granard and a Baronet, was born on Sept. 17, 1874, and succeeded in 1889. For a time he was in the Scots Guards, and he saw active service during the South African War. He was a Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward VII., and then his Majesty's Master of the Horse. From 1906-1909 he assisted the Postmaster-General. In 1910 he became Master of the Horse to King George, whose accession he announced to certain Foreign Courts. In 1909 he married Beatrice, daughter of Mr. Ogden Mills, of East 69th Street, New York, and Staatsburg, Dutchess Co., New York.—[Photograph by Mayall.]





### THE TRIUMPH OF LAWLESSNESS; MR. GEORGE GRAY; AND A ONE-MAN REVUE

IT is my duty to report a serious outbreak of burglary at the Pavilion. In the course of a visit to that house the other evening, I found two sketches included in the programme, each of which introduced us to a house-breaker. In both cases, of course, the intruder is successful in his defiance of the law, for there seems to be a tradition on the stage that a burglar may take any amount of risk, but he must on no account be ever captured. The first of these sketches is called "Capita," and is played by Mr. Jan Rudenyi and Co. It gives Mr. Rudenyi an opportunity of showing his proficiency with the violin, and, having done this, has achieved its main purpose. In the other, the burglar, though he breaks into houses, does not break into music. He is none other than the famous Arsène Lupin, one of the most popular cracksmen in fiction, and he is here impersonated by that clever actor, Mr. Henri De Vries. It appears that an eminent sculptor has possessed himself of an old lady's diamond necklace, which he makes his daughter wear at parties. They return from one of these parties, hide the necklace, and go to bed. But Lupin is let in by an accomplice, who enters by sliding down a rope from the studio-roof. He possesses himself of the jewels, only to be handcuffed by a chief inspector of police. His captivity, however, is only temporary, for more of his accomplices enter, attired as policemen, and release him, and the curtain falls on the myrmidons of the law gagged and bound and raging in impotent fury, while the band of criminals go off scot-free with the loot. In the course of the sketch Mr. De Vries makes various quick changes with his accustomed skill, and acts with much spirit and polish. The sketch is quite good of its kind, and the audience is evidently delighted at the triumph of criminality over Law and Order.

At the "Met." Whatever may happen in Piccadilly Circus, virtue is its own reward in the Edgware Road; for Mr. George Gray, with a large company, is presenting "The People's King," which is described as "a powerful story of Romance, Revolution, and Loyalty." In this play we are admitted to the Court of the King of Brydonia, whom Fate has provided with a Cabinet composed of extremely unscrupulous persons. One of these worthies is made up to resemble Mr. Lloyd George very closely, and the one argument he invariably adduces is "There's money in it." The king's son has been married to a princess whom he loves passionately, but she does not return his love, and tells him so frankly. This is too much for him, and he disappears, and, under an assumed name, joins a band of revolutionaries who are sworn to free their downtrodden land from tyranny and oppression. The leader is a handsome lady clothed in purple, and known as Wanda, the Woman of the People. The king dies and his son returns to reign in his stead, and his life is

immediately saved by Wanda, who loves him. Rebellion is in the air, but the new king resolves to take the bull by the horns, resumes his disguise, and visits the haunts of the conspirators, where he draws a lot which dooms him to assassinate himself. He then reveals himself, and invites the band to visit him in his palace. There he dismisses his unscrupulous Ministers and confers countless boons upon his acclaiming people, and Brydonia becomes, presumably, a land flowing with milk and honey. The whole thing is very well done, and is most effective. Mr. George Gray, at the head of a capital company, plays the part of the high-minded Prince with much dignity, and one is not surprised to learn that in the end his wife so much appreciates the splendour of his principles that she confesses to having fallen in love with him. It is good to feel that our public morals are perfectly safe in the hands of Mr. Gray.



INVENTOR OF COVERED CARPET-TACKS! MR. HALE HAMILTON AS J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD IN "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," AT THE QUEEN'S.

(SEE CARICATURES BY H. M. BATEMAN AND PHOTOGRAPHS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

#### One Man, One Revue.

Fired by the sight of the success of the revue in so many directions, Mr. Bransby Williams has conceived the notion of producing a revue in which he alone appears. That Mr. Williams is well equipped for a task of this sort is beyond doubt. He has long been noted for his representation of Dickens characters, and he once took the leading part in a play by Mr. Hall Caine. He has Protean gifts, and he possesses certain powers of mimicry. Clinging loyally to the recognised forms of the revue, he presents a commère and compère, but these are only dummy figures which are placed on

either side of the proscenium. Mr. Williams goes through a lot of quick changes, and introduces a number of characters. At one moment he is Mr. G. P. Huntley, and at the next he is Mr. Lloyd George. Now he is Mr. George Formby, now Mr. George Graves, and now Sir George Alexander. He works hard and well, and his make-up, in the majority of cases, is very good indeed, but the result is not so satisfactory as it might have been. Perhaps this largely is to be accounted for by the poverty of the "book," which is not distinguished by any particular cleverness or wit. If Mr. Bransby Williams would only employ somebody to polish up his dialogue and give point to his lyrics, he might succeed in proving that all the elaborate casting and scenery of the revue are comparatively unnecessary, or, at least, of secondary importance, and that one man with one scene is all that is wanted to furnish the entertainment required.

ROVER.



THE FRENCHMAN IN "THE SON AND HEIR," AT THE STRAND. MR. RAYMOND LAUZERRE AS FELIX FOURIÉ.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



SINGING AND TALKING AT THE PIANO AT THE PALACE. MISS WILLA HOLT WAKEFIELD, OF THE U.S.A.

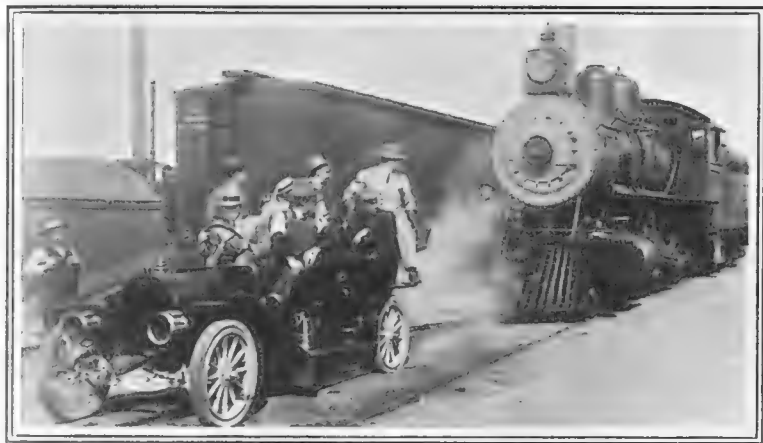
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



## MOTURING GRIEVANCES—THE TAXATION OF OLD CARS AND THE FUEL PROBLEM.

### Relief for the Old 'Uns.

Constant dropping will wear away a stone, and continued criticism in the Press seems sometimes to "get a move on" the Royal Automobile Club. For some time past the owners of old cars, fitted for the most part with large but very inefficient engines, have been flooding the correspondence columns of the motor journals with well-grounded complaints of the heavy taxation to which they are subjected, and reviling the R.A.C. for taking no steps to get them relieved of some part of the impost. It is clear that from this spurring the galled jade winces, for a meeting of the R.A.C. Taxation Conference was held lately to consider again and to strengthen the arguments on the question of the taxation of second-hand cars. Recommendations are to be made to the Chancellor that a reduction of, say, 50 per cent. be made in the licensing fees in respect of motor-cars and cycles four years old and over. It will be urged that, owing to wear and tear and other causes, the horse-power of such machines is much less than that of modern cars and cycles of the same R.A.C. rating, and that the disproportionate amount of the tax in the case of such old cars as are liable to a duty of ten guineas and upwards makes these cars altogether unsaleable and puts them out of use.



TESTING THE PULLING STRENGTH OF A MOTOR-CAR: THE CAR DRAGGING A 110-TON LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

Our correspondent writes: "The local agent of a well-known car, of Los Angeles, California, gave a demonstration of the pulling strength of his machine by attaching it, by means of a rope running from the rear axle, to a 110-ton locomotive, and drawing the locomotive along the track. The start was made from a dead standstill, and it was at first thought impossible to move the great mass of iron and steel, as the wheels of the car slipped badly and the locomotive seemed glued to the track. After the car had been weighted with six good-sized men, however, the tyres took a firmer hold, and, after a long, steady strain, the wheels of the locomotive began slowly to revolve. The accomplishment of the task is testified to by a number of witnesses. The engine was drawn some distance."—[Photograph by Fleet.]

### The Petrol Report.

The second Report of the Petrol Committee, appointed to take into consideration the various aspects of the at present much-vexed fuel question, has lately been issued, and, in regard to some of the evidence, puts a quite unsuspected aspect upon the benzol question. Benzol is evolved both in the distillation of gas from coal and in the coking of coal—a very great industry rendered necessary by iron and steel smelters. According to the evidence of Lieutenant-Colonel T. Wilson, of the Gas Light and Coke Company, the make of benzol by the gas companies is of very little account. The production of this company, which supplies more gas for consumption in the Metropolis than any other concern of the kind, amounts only, roughly, to 100,000 gallons. So it would need 189 concerns like this company to give the London General Omnibus Company sufficient fuel for one year's running. Clearly, there is little hope for motorists at the hands of the gas companies, although I believe they will and do supply private people.

### Coke Governs Benzol.

It is to the process of coking coal that we must look for some means of combating the tyranny of the oil trusts, and by the light of the evidence given by Mr. J. E. Mitchell, of the

Mitchell Main Colliery, it would appear that, by organisation, something could be done. The Mitchell Main Colliery produces about 220,000 gallons per annum, getting about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  gallons from each ton of coal. It is suggested that the total production of benzol in this country by the coking process is about 23,460,000 gallons, and this being so, remembering that it can be sold at a profit at 1s. per gallon, it is strange indeed to learn that a large proportion of this quantity goes to France for use with the motor-omnibuses in that country. And here we continue to pay 1s. 7d. per gallon for a fuel which is little or no better. The production of benzol is limited by the demand for coke in the steel and iron trades, and the production, according to Mr. Mitchell, is going up. There is, it would appear, a possibility of a still greater output, for many coking plants are not provided with the benzol-recovering apparatus, and the stuff runs to waste. If, said Mr. Mitchell, the demand warranted it, the output could be doubled within a year or two.



CHARMINGLY GARBED FOR FLIGHT—AS A PASSENGER—AT COLOMBO: MRS. WEBSTER; WITH CAPTAIN WEBSTER.

### What a Government Should Do.

The possibility of obtaining, say, 40,000,000 gallons of this spirit per annum, home-produced, and which it has been proved can be used in the internal-combustion engines of motor-vehicles quite as satisfactorily and even more economically than petrol, should surely provoke the formation of some sort of combine to foster its production and arrange for its distribution and sale. Such an output would be certain to affect the importation of petrol, although that amounted to 60,000,000 gallons last year, and must go on increasing—if it is possible to increase it very much more, which already seems somewhat uncertain. In the event of the foreign supply slacking off, the industry would be obliged to turn to benzol to make up for the shortage in the imported spirit, and the only way to be prepared for such a condition of things is the establishment of an organisation for the collection and distribution of the coal-product. In such case, a Government with the best interests of the country at heart, and realising the peril of a great industry, would refrain from taxing the home-grown benzol until its production had really affected the price of the competing fuel.



TAKING A DRIFT: A SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER, WITH SIX PASSENGERS, IN SOUTH AFRICA. The owner of the car said the other day: "It runs so silently that conversation can be kept up easily while under way. It takes the descent and the rise on the other side without difficulty and gives no trouble."



## THE RUSSIAN DANCERS: THE SECRET OF THEIR SUPREMACY.

AT Covent Garden the lovers of fine dancing are adding a query to their superlatives. "Why have we never had anything like it?" they ask. Why must we go outside England for such work, and why is Russia so favoured?

### Ballet Dead in England.

The answer is not easily found—perhaps because there are so many explanations to choose from; but some few facts are clear. We could never hope to find English dancers to acquit themselves with the exquisite grace and agility of the Russian rank and file, for the simple reason that we have no English dancing. Ballet is as dead as food-taxes, and lacks their saving hope of a resurrection. There were a few years when the ballet had a chance under the direction of Madame Katti Lanner and M. Leopold Wenzel; then the people who knew, or thought they knew, discovered that the British public did not want it. So, with the exception of Phyllis Bedells, we have no English dancers whom any real connoisseur would walk one hundred yards to see. It is fair to say that real dancing passed unwept and unmourned from London.

### A National Art in Russia.

In Russia, ballet is an institution; it is an art, a life study. "So it is in Italy," you may say, "and yet the Italian dancing, as seen at the San Carlo or Scala, cannot compare with the Russian." This is true, and has a simple explanation. Ballet-dancing in Italy is traditional, classical; in Russia it is absolutely modern. Russia has done for stage-dancing what the Renaissance did for Mediævalism. It has enabled fresh emotions to find expression, it has enlarged the whole sphere of the dancer's art. It has even developed the already considerable resources of the mime, and has succeeded in making his gestures spontaneous instead of conventional. The old movements of Italy, tolerable only when made by a great exponent of the art, will hardly be traced among the Russians. In some cases they have supplied the groundwork upon which the mime of Muscovy has lavished all his own resources until they are ampler and more attractive than those of Italy. From the complete organisation and superb enthusiasm of the rank-and-file the mime, like the chief dancers, draws renewed inspiration. The principals are always at fever heat; if they were not, the corps-de-ballet would excel them, and they know it.

### The Russian Ear for Music.

Another force to be reckoned with is the fine musical ear of our visitors. Watching their movements, I am always impressed by their response to the imperious claims of rhythm. It is not always an easy task: some of the modern Russians whose scores are associated with the ballets given at Covent Garden in the last couple of

years are not men who may be followed easily. There is well-marked measure undoubtedly, but the whole of the orchestral comment upon the action is deliberately complex—it is not designed to help the dancers, and, unless they were musicians all, they would certainly be in trouble from time to time, instead of going through each evolution, however intricate, without a hitch, and without ceasing for a moment to respond to the orchestral direction. This musical sense is a natural gift, and one which, as a nation, we do not possess; we find individuals with it—that is all.

### Neither Moral nor Immoral, but Non-moral.

Yet another point to remember is that in Russia dancing is a national pastime, and in such an invigorating climate appeals strongly to the young. It provides exercise and a means of keeping warm in cold weather; what would be regarded as extravagant movement in Spain and Italy is merely conventional

in Russia. The Empire of the Tsar is a strange amalgam of diverse races, and some of the traditional dances of the Tartar hordes have made their way to the realms of a society to which the term "polite" is generally added for purposes of a description more or less exact. Finally, we must recognise the truth that the appeal of Russian ballet is sensuous, and that those who have unlimited resources and a certain patronage can contrive to make it very sensuous indeed. The greater part of the spectacles provided deal with the life of the unchanging, and unblushing, East. They are concerned with incidents which our Censor would eye askance, and

they are probably rendered in Russia with a far greater measure of freedom than obtains here. But the expression of sensuous or erotic emotion stimulates great artists; they could not lend their art to a story that was respectable to the point of being dull; and at the same time the most risky situation loses all offence when they interpret it, because they respond to a spirit that is merely directed to the expression of beauty, and is neither immoral nor moral, but merely non-moral.

### What Would Mrs. Grundy Do?

If we could get work in this country with both music and scenario equally powerful, we should either be restrained by the Censor or the Lord Chamberlain, or both, and be reduced to our normal drab condition, or we should evolve great dancers and masters of shining sound. The humblest dancer in the ranks would feel as the Russians do—that he or she is part of the picture and would be missed; the principals would put forth powers uncalled for now, and Mrs. Grundy would throw herself from the nearest cliff or assume another name and leave the country, duly mourned by curates and the whole bench of Bishops. But the danger of such a change is not imminent.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



THE FIRST OF THE WORKS NEW TO ENGLAND PRODUCED AT COVENT GARDEN THIS SEASON BY THE RUSSIAN BALLET: A SCENE FROM STRAVINSKY'S "PETROUCHKA."

On the left is Mme. Karsavina; on the right is M. Nijinski. The remarkable scenery should be noted.

Photograph by Bert.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Above the Clouds.** With Europe plunged in fog, slush, and gloom, it is a curious sensation to find oneself some six thousand feet above the sea, watching the ski-ers glide about on the perilous mountain-slopes, with lengths of white wadding, which are said, by the wise, to be clouds, hanging fantastically in mid-air far down below. For even at five thousand feet there may be rain, melting snow, and the dripping from chalet-roofs upon one's head; but a sleigh-drive, with tinkling bells, of some two hours will take you out of these miseries, and land you, for as long as the daylight lasts, in a pleasing spot of dazzling whiteness which might, for aught you know, be the roof of the world. This paradise-attainable from Villars, is called Brettaie, and consists, so far as residences go, of one solitary chalet, solidly built, at which you can find fodder for yourself and your sleigh-horses, and drinks which make merry the heart of man. There is talk of a funicular railway up to our mountain paradise, and of an hotel to be built upon the top-most slope, but when these events happen the place will infallibly be spoilt. At present Brettaie, in spite of the dozens of rose and amethyst clad ski-ers, strewn about like summer flowers upon its snowy slopes, has a curiously virginal and unworldly air. It will take three years before it is brought into the category of Swiss winter resorts.

#### The Psychology of Alpine Sports.

I met a delightfully lazy individual yesterday who confided to me, in private, that he thought Switzerland in winter would be perfect if it were not for the winter sports. Why, he urged, should a man who had left behind the "fine, careless rapture of youth" be obliged to rise early, put on heavy clothes with intricate fastenings, and proceed to exercise all day, with various uncomfortable implements strapped to his feet, when he would not dream of doing such things in England? Yet the strenuous life is curiously catching. There are many worthy citizens who privately loathe sitting on a toy toboggan and confiding their persons to steep mountain-paths, their limbs disposed at particularly ungraceful angles, yet all do it here, whatever other "sport" they may dispense with. The skaters, of course, are in another case, for those who have once learned to pirouette upon the ice hanker after this exercise, and are not to be comforted when rinks are closed and an inexorable sports committee haul down the flag and shut the gates. But of all the sportsmen the ski-er is the most uplifted. This quaint mode of progression may or may not be difficult to acquire, but the "compleat" ski-er looks down on the mere pedestrian with a curious scorn—a contempt born, no doubt, of a high achievement. For the accomplished manipulator of skis, like the aviator, is aware that he has mastered a new and difficult means of locomotion.

#### The British Empire at Play.

We are a strange collection of people up here in these Alpine hotels, and specimens from all the King's Dominions beyond the Seas are assembled, except—oddly enough—from the Dominion of Canada. For it is the inhabitants of hot climates who seem to enjoy the winter sports most. Villars is full of young Anglo-Indians, soldiers or civilians, home on leave, and eagerly spending most of their holiday on skis or on skates. Australasia, too, is well to the fore, and several peerless young beauties hail from that portion of the Empire where the Franchise was given without any pother or fuss. It is notable that none of these ladies—young or old—is anything

but extremely feminine in appearance or manners. Thus the British Empire may be seen in nearly all its component parts, for Young South Africa also is in evidence, and its representatives show a skill in sports which they cannot practise again after steaming into Table Bay. All these young Britons get on uncommonly well in the exhilarating air of the Alps, and form a sort of happy family party, at which the few French visitors look a little wistfully. For Sports, among English-speaking folk, are a kind of social dissolvent, something which melts the ice and enables its devotees to converse together with something resembling animation and *entrain*. As to our German cousins, they are almost non-existent hereabouts, though the other day I actually saw three smart young men from Berlin who, in dress and general appearance, were not to be distinguished from the best-turned-out Londoner that Bond Street and Savile Row can produce.

#### On Hotel Dances.

As caravan-  
serais go, we are reckoned a quiet hotel, one frequented by staid and well-bred, though by no means elderly persons. Thus, the more lively coterie in other hostleries do not rush

to our dances, oust us from our velvet arm-chairs, and take up the space in our ball-room. Our dancing folk consist mainly of fair spinsters from the more refined London suburbs, who valse and two-step together; of a sprinkling of small boys and governesses, of a fatigued, middle-aged Parisian on his honeymoon with a very youthful bride—whom he does not suffer to valse with anyone else; and of two or three vague men who never quite make up their minds whether they want to dance or not. Yet, twice a week, the band plays through a programme with much vigour and vivacity, with frequent intervals for refreshment, after which they are even more vivacious than before. Moreover, these informal festivities have been known to give as much enjoyment as the more elaborate balls at other hotels, where the dancing, or rather prancing, man abounds, and Beauty disguises herself, by preference, in manly attire, while stalwart men of six-foot-two appear in petticoats and plaits.



BON VOYAGE! NOVELTIES IN TRAVELLING-COATS.

The left-hand figure wears a travelling-coat of mustard colour, made in a soft, woolly material, with collar and cuffs of silver fox. In the middle is a coat made of grey cloth, with turned-back revers, while the collar, which may be worn up or down, is of squirrel. The right-hand figure wears a champagne-coloured coat in rattine, with a collar of natural opossum.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 26.*

## MARKETS.

MARKETS have been affected to a very small extent by the resumption of hostilities in the Balkans, and the sentiment both here and on the Continent is remarkably optimistic. The prevailing idea is that before very long Turkey will bow to the inevitable, and that the final settlement is unlikely to involve any of the Great Powers. Business, on the other hand, has been rather limited; but this is perhaps just as well, and until the political situation is finally settled, a cautious attitude is fully justified.

The dividends announced by the Home Railway Companies during the week have all been well received, but prices have not responded to the extent that might have been expected. The Midland dividend was particularly good.

The weakness of Colonial municipal loans has been very marked owing to the poor reception which has recently been accorded to some Canadian issues. It is very clear that even the largest Canadian cities will have to offer more attractive terms than 4 per cent. loans at 92 or 93, and it will be interesting to see what terms are offered by Montreal when the talked-of loan appears.

American securities have been quiet, and the scheme for the dissolution of the Union Pacific Merger was eagerly awaited. The cabled particulars were made known on Friday, and resulted in a drop of 1 5-8 in Southern Pacific, while Unions firmed up.

Nigerians have again been a strong spot in the Mining Market, under the lead of Ropps. Although the news from this Company is certainly encouraging, it must not be forgotten the capital is very small, and part of it is held by insiders, so manipulation is comparatively easy.

## GRAND TRUNK.

Following on an excellent increase for the concluding period of January comes the announcement of the results of the last half-year's working by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and the figures are most encouraging.

Gross receipts increased by £476,900, against which there is an increase of £223,900 in working expenses, leaving the net revenue £253,000 higher than for the corresponding period of 1911.

After deducting various sums for outside operations, interest charges, and £107,500 for deficiencies on Canada Atlantic and Detroit Grand Haven and Milwaukee lines, there remains a net surplus of £575,350, as compared with £466,900 a year ago.

The dividend on the Third Preference stock is raised from 1½ per cent. to 2½ per cent. for the year, while the carry-forward is reduced by about £1700 to £6800.

The results of the linking up of this system with the Grand Trunk Pacific are already making themselves felt in the traffics, and the Third Preference look a very promising purchase at 58.

## THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY REPORT.

When writing of this Company in September we suggested that the gross increase for the six months ending Dec. 31 would be between £250,000 and £260,000, and the net increase about £100,000, which, we pointed out, would enable the full dividends to be paid upon all the Preference issues down to and including that of 1889, and leave something over.

The actual figures of the Report are very close to this estimate, being £245,700 and £108,500 for the gross and net increases respectively. The income from joint lines shows a satisfactory increase, but there is a rise of £35,400 in Humber Commercial Dock and Railway rent, and about £29,000 less was brought into the accounts than was the case a year ago. After placing £10,000 to steamship insurance account, the amount available for dividends is £527,000, which is an increase of £55,000, and the directors are able to pay 1½ per cent. for the year on the 1891 Preference, and the full dividends on all the Stocks ranking before it.

Capital expenditure during this period was heavier than anticipated, and amounted to £388,000, which brings the debit to capital account up to nearly three millions, so that some form of new capital will probably be issued before long. We do not think this need cause any anxiety, however, on the part of holders of the junior stocks, as the management of this line is one of the best in England, and the benefit of the new dock at Immingham is only gradually making itself felt. It was announced the other day that the P. and O. Steamship Company proposed to run a service from this port.

Altogether, the Report has strengthened our previous good opinion of this Company.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

It is very satisfactory to note that the creditors of the Bank of Egypt are to receive a final distribution of 2s. in the £. This result could not have been achieved so soon had it not been for the prosperity of Egypt, which has enabled the realisation of certain assets to be carried out more expeditiously than was expected.

Nothing is yet known as to what the shareholders will get returned to them, but it seems probable that they will fare better than was thought at one time.

Mr. Alfred Sykes gave the results of some interesting calculations at the meeting of the West Yorkshire Bank the other day. He showed that an investor who bought Consols in 1897 at the top price—namely, 114—and sold at the end of 1912, would have done better to have kept his £114 in gold, and to have extracted his interest each quarter. At the end of last year he would have had left £76 3s. in coin, against the then ruling price of £75! If the interest, however, had been reinvested in Consols at current market price, the result would have been even worse, and the investor would have lost a sum equivalent to the whole of the fifteen years' interest, and £1 of his capital in addition.

While we still continue to hold a very high opinion of the shares of the various electric-light companies operating in London, we are not inclined to attach very much importance to the rumours which have been current of late about the amalgamation scheme. That this will eventually materialise we have very little doubt, but, as far as we can ascertain, it won't be in the immediate future.

We have on several occasions pointed out that the chief trouble with which the Argentine Transandine Railway has to contend is the inefficient administration of the Chilian section of the system, which interferes with the trans-continental traffic. We now hear that the Chilian Government are proposing to take steps to remedy this state of affairs, and, if successful, we have no doubt the Argentine line will benefit enormously.

Various rumours were current at the end of the week with regard to the issue of Prior Lien Bonds by the Mexican North Western Railway. In some quarters the opinion was held that the opposition by some of the large holders of the First Mortgage Bonds would be sufficiently powerful to prevent the issue taking place; but the general opinion now seems to be that the directors will be able to secure the support of the requisite 75 per cent., and the market clearly considers the issue to be in the interests of the First Mortgage holders.

## HAMPDEN CLONCURRY COPPER.

The latest cable from the head office of this mine has caused a good deal of disappointment. The dividend of 4s. per share in respect of the current half-year is less than was generally expected. The explanation given is that the purchase of the Macgregor property, and the construction of the railway to serve this group, makes it necessary to conserve the Company's resources.

The Report for the half-year to Aug. 31, which was recently available, made a very good showing as far as it went, although the financial results were not very important, owing to the fact that the new smelting plant was not working until July. Ore-reserves amounted to 238,500 tons, assaying about 10½ per cent., which gives a total of over £1,000,000 of copper; and the new plant can deal with 6000 or 7000 tons a month, although the latest figures show that only 4480 tons were treated during January.

It would seem, therefore, that the Company should be able to earn good dividends before long, but we have an idea that the insiders are a very knowing lot, and are unlikely to let the public purchase shares below their intrinsic value. We expressed this opinion to several correspondents when the shares stood considerably higher than at present, and recent happenings have not caused us to change this view.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Re-enter The Jobber!" exclaimed that worthy, as he sprang into the compartment just as the train started.

"I apologise, gentlemen," he continued, "for giving you such a fright."

"How?" asked The Engineer unguardedly.

"Well, you might have feared that I had lost the train, in which case you would have proceeded to town by yourselves, so to speak."

"While our dear shepherd told his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

misquoted The Engineer.

"These are Milton moments," sighed The Solicitor; but he was told with more firmness than politeness that—

However—

"There are two markets unfit for any respectable man to gamble in," declared The Broker. "One's the Oil Market, and the other is the Nigerian Tin."

"There's a tip going round to buy Anglo-Continental," observed The Engineer. "Why, Brokie, I told you about it, and I thought you said that you had bought—"

"Any respectable man," he said, "repeated The Jobber. "Never mind, Brokie, we all have these side-slips occasionally."

"I buy Jos and Keffi when they're flat, and sell 'em when they go up. Don't like to boast, but I've made money several times that way," said The Engineer modestly.

"What I like to do," The Solicitor told them, "is to apply for a new issue that looks really cheap, keep it for a bit, and then sell it at a premium, to go in for something else that looks a little cheaper."

[Continued on page 198.]

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Reduced Heads.** Our swelled heads are reduced this season by no mild measures. The latest hats are so small that, after their imposing predecessors, we feel inclined to look for them with magnifying-glasses. Coiffures are taken down to correspond; but no slump in the additional-hair business need be feared in consequence, for if heads are sleek and natty, they must be thickly tressed. The effect of this very distinct mandate from the dictators of fashion is a much better proportion in figure. Also it makes for the greater comfort of the wearers in breezy weather. The size of the head-wear has no effect at all on the price, which is kept up to the standard by the use of expensive materials and costly trimmings. There never is any reason for alarm that the proper adornment of lovely woman will ever become cheap. How those who have pinned their vanity to a creed of picture-hat, no collar-band, and expanded hair will conform to the new rule, is a question.

**Dancing of the Day.** The other night at a ball given for charitable purposes, at which many titled ladies and gentlemen were present, I witnessed a dance which I was told rejoices in the distinguished name of the "Wiggle-waggle." Had I been looking on at one of the terpsichorean



**NO TRANSFORMATIONS; ALL THEIR OWN! COMPETITORS IN A BERLIN LONG-HAIR COMPETITION.**

A competition was recently held in Berlin, for women under thirty, in which valuable money prizes were awarded to the possessors of the longest locks. The winner of the first prize had tresses five feet long.—[Photograph by Illustrations Verlag.]

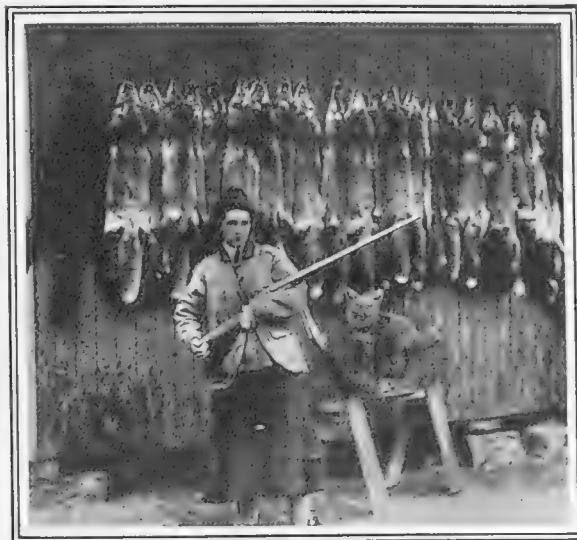
entertainments given, at regular intervals, for the inmates of lunatic asylums, I might have understood it. As it was, I thought it rather amazing. The man put his right arm round his partner's shoulders and pressed her face tightly down against his coat—some of the noses were too aristocratic to fit neatly. The pair then proceeded to sway and pump-handle, but not, by any stretch of the imagination, to dance. It was weird and idiotic to look at, but there was neither grace nor expression of any kind to recommend it. The craze for the romping, merry, energetic two-step is easy to comprehend: it is bright, the music inspiring, and the dance is merry and full of "go." The "Wiggle-waggle" is quite as vulgar as its name, and gives one the idea of crude, untrained attempts to imitate the posturing of Nautch-dancers. It should certainly be eliminated from the programmes of refined society.

**Brilliant and Pretty.** The "Cricklite" lamps deserve these epithets, and are the best friends of country-house hostesses, because they light a dinner-table and drawing-room more charmingly than any other artificial means, and because they are perfectly safe and give no trouble. The wax lights give a beautiful, soft, bright light for about five hours. The grease cannot be spilled, and the lamps require no attention after having been lighted. For India and all hot climates they are invaluable; and, if desired, the glass shades can be fitted with Punkah tops. They can be obtained at 137, Regent Street, or from the patentees, Clarke's Pyramid and Fairy Light Works, Cricklewood, London. In the Regent

Street show-rooms there are many beautiful two and five light standards in ivory Worcester ware, in cut-glass Corinthian columns, and other designs—some of them seven-light standards, with flower-vases at the base; while the silkshades, with or without crystal fringes, are dainty and beautiful. There are single-light lamps, with or without flower vases, in brass

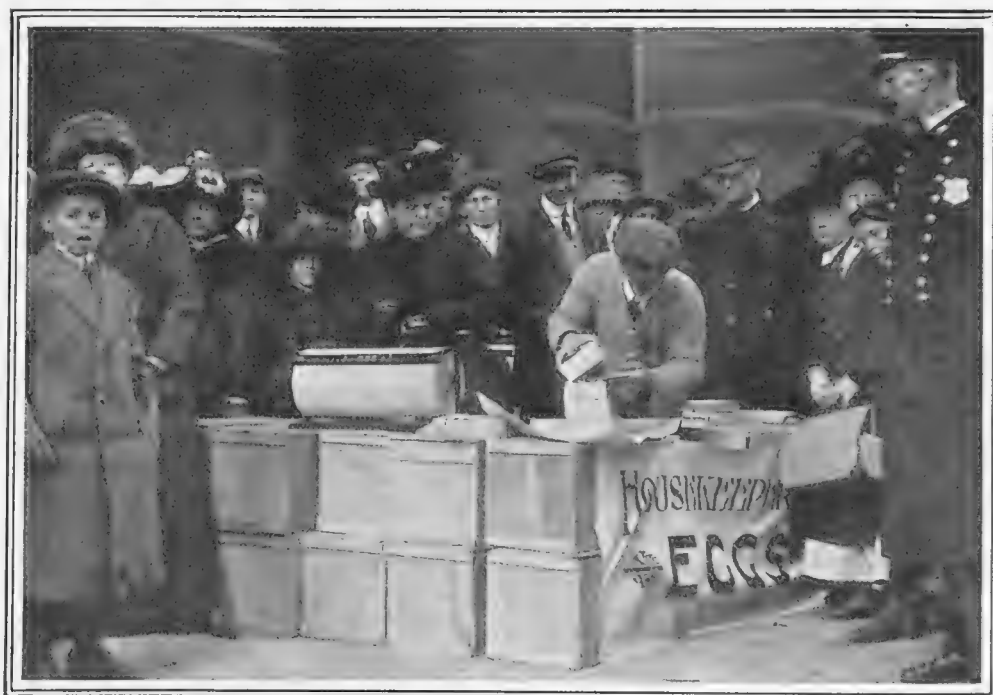
and crystal, and there are ingenious frames to hold two, three, and seven lights, which fit into the sockets of any candlestick—these are in brass, nickel-plate, or silver-plate. They are far from costly, these lamps, and twenty-five of them can be trimmed and lighted in ten minutes. So successful are they that it behoves customers to see that each light and standard bears the trade-mark "Cricklite."

**The First Court.** Although in only a few and refreshing instances do ladies spend on gowns for their Majesties' Courts half what they used to do, the effect, collectively, continues to be remarkably brilliant. The Countess of Onslow, in a white Duchesse satin dress, beautifully soft, and made in somewhat Empire style, with a deep cape, having two points in front and one deep one at the back, thickly wrought with diamanté and pearls in a design of couronnes, and finished with lines of diamanté down the skirt, chains of it over the shoulders and pointed portions of embroidery forming the sleeves—wore a lovely train to correspond, in white-and-silver brocade. The Duchess of Norfolk's dress of white-and-silver brocade was trimmed on the bodice with diamonds and draped with superb old lace over black tulle, the train being to correspond. The Marchioness of Salisbury was gorgeously clad in cloth-of-gold, with gold lace and gold embroideries; Mrs. Winston Churchill looked very handsome all in white; and the Countess of Chesterfield looked very well in a soft shade of jade-green brocade, the train bordered with tail-less ermine, and fastened at the shoulders with Chinese ornaments of jade, enamel, and topaz. Similar ornaments, of varying size, caught the dress-drapery. It was a full Court; many brides and débutantes were presented, in addition to ladies of the diplomatic and official circles.



**PROUD OF IT: A FAIR FOX-SHOOTER OF AMERICA.**

With us, to shoot a fox is regarded by hunting-folk as a crime rather worse than robbing a church. It is not so, obviously, in the States. Our photograph shows a young American sportswoman, Miss Helen B. Elcock, daughter of a barrister at Quincy, Mass. Last season she shot twenty red foxes and one black fox. One she caught alive, and he follows her about like a dog, indifferent to the fate of his friends.—[Photograph by Paul Lamm.]



**ONE MORE VARIETY OF THE EGG: "HOUSEKEEPERS' EGGS" BEING SOLD BY SOCIETY WOMEN IN PHILADELPHIA.**

A number of society women in Philadelphia, Pa., who have organised themselves into a Housekeepers' League, recently secured options on over twenty car-loads of eggs which the retailers refused to place on sale. The photograph shows the eggs being sold on the City Hall Plaza. The women disposed of thousands at twenty-four cents a dozen, which was from six to twenty cents below the current prices.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



*Continued from page 196.]*

"The principle is excellent," agreed The Banker. "Would you mind informing us whether the practical result is as good as the principle promises?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," replied The Solicitor, strongly emphasising the last word, "sometimes it pays, and sometimes it don't. So it's just as well to keep on good terms with an accommodating banker."

Our friend of Lombard Street beamed through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and confined his comments to wise nods.

"Shells are the only things fit to touch in Oils."

"I don't agree with you," cut in The City Editor. "There are Spies, Urals, Mexican Eagles——"

"Not to mention sardines and Old Masters."

"—Black Seas, Red Seas, and quite a fair number of other Oil shares really likely to turn out well."

"But the market so seldom moves," complained The Jobber. "You get a bit of a run in one or two things every now and again; but as for any general activity—why, there isn't such a thing."

"Strange, but true," The Broker answered. "And yet there's a very widespread opinion that Oil is the coming thing."

"Oil and cocoanuts," added The City Editor. "One of these days there'll be a cocoanut boom beside which the memory of the Rubber boom will be a pale shadow."

"Talking through your hat, my boy. Get crushed ice and apply to the head," was The Jobber's counsel.

"You're not gambling yourself?"

"Gambling? Oh, dear no," deprecated The Jobber. "I may have a few—er—speculative investments—er—open, but gambling—You shock me, Sir; shock me."

"Don't be *such* an ass!"

"Open confession being good for the soul, I don't mind telling you I'm a naughty little bull of Wit. Deep."

"Good egg!" remarked The Engineer.

"Cluck, cluck," replied The Jobber. "Wit. Deep's are"—he spoke it softer than the smallest print in *The Sketch* composing-room—"going better."

"Just a market tip?" asked The Broker.

"Oh, no, not at all. I spent last week-end on the property, and saw the lumps of gold sticking out all over the shop."

"You couldn't talk sense for half-a-minute, could you?"

"Yes. Buy. Wit. Deep. That's sense. Time!"

"You can't arouse any enthusiasm for Kaffirs nowadays," The Broker said. "People are too sick of them."

"I believe in some of the Deep Levels, all the same," said The City Editor. "Recent developments in a few are distinctly good."

"I back my old friends Kyshtims for a rise when the war's out of the way."

"Ah, when the war's out of the way!" said four of the others together.

"When the war is out of the way——" The Broker began.

"There will be something else happen to upset our happy little home," The Jobber concluded. "War with Germany or Servia or some other New Power."

"Put your money into the South American Continent."

"Put your capital into Latin-Canadians and public utility companies."

"Put your money on the Suffragettes if it's votes you want."

"That's the very dickens of it all!" moaned The Broker ruefully. "Here are these arch-fiends behaving like the devil only knows what, and they'll get what they want! It's too wicked for words."

"You must Suffragist a little while longer——" But he, The Jobber, suffered first. The Broker saw to that.

Saturday, Feb. 8, 1913.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

S. C. B.—We did not publish your letter because it did not seem to be of sufficient interest. That was the only reason.

HARDY.—The security you mention is in a slightly different position from the Government's loans, and we think you may hold, although there are other Bonds which we should prefer.

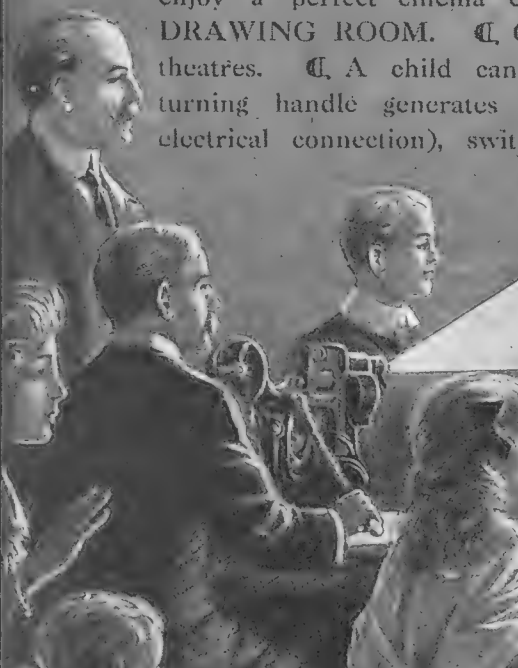

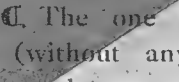
PADDY (Dublin).—We are afraid we cannot agree with your opinion of the rubber company, which we consider a hopeless proposition. We don't think you could get anything for the shares, so you will have to hold, but sell if you can.

SPERO.—(1) Quite good; (2) and (3) Are only second class; (4) Gives a high yield and seems a fair risk.

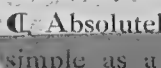
X. Y. Z.—You will be very foolish if you have anything to do with the people you mention.

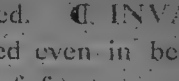
The Annual Ordinary General Meeting of John Knight, Ltd., the well-known soap-making concern, will be held on the 14th inst. The profit and loss account for the year ending Nov. 30, 1912, shows a balance of £43,214, and after placing £4000 to reserve, the directors make up the dividend on the Ordinary shares to 8 per cent. for the year, pay 10 3-7 per cent. on the Deferred shares, and carry forward £10,445.

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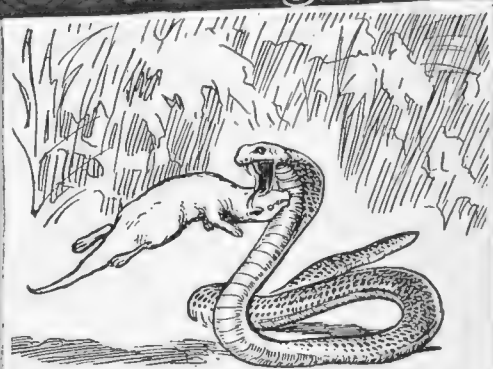
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£1000 INSURANCE. See page b.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "L'Après-midi d'un Faune"; Grizzly-Bear and Turkey-Trot; on the Ice at St. Moritz; Mlle. Baldina and M. Theodore Kosloff; A Landscape in Ermine; Master Peter Scott; Mrs. R. F. Scott; Stravinsky's "Petroushka"; Mrs. Bullough in Ireland; Mr. and Mrs. Bullough Fishing; Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia.

# BEAUTY MASSAGE.

## A New Wonderful Apparatus for Home Use.

IF there is anything in the whole domain of Beauty Culture of which one can with truthfulness say that it is a "natural remedy," it is massage. Anyone that has any doubt on the subject need only watch children, need only observe themselves or even the lower animals, when they have hurt, or feel any discomfort in any part of the body, how they will stroke, rub, or press it. That action is nothing but massage, dictated by natural instinct—a first aid, as it were.

That facial massage finds less universal application in Great Britain as a beautifying agent than it does in some Continental countries is due in a very large measure to three reasons: The first is that very vague ideas exist as to what can be accomplished by it. The second reason is that it is practised generally by fits and starts, inconsistently, irregularly. The third, that even if massage were to rise to the dignity of a daily observance, as the bath or coiffure, there would not be enough masseuses worth their salt to supply the demand.

The great and foremost object of facial massage is preventive and preservative. By its consistent daily practice the skin is able to retain its glow of health, tone, colour, and suppleness, its premature withering and deterioration are prevented.

The next great value of facial massage is remedial or corrective—that is, it sets out to accomplish, and does, in fact, bring about improvement in the appearance, by overcoming various blemishes of the face and the complexion. Massage sets up a greater skin activity, a quicker, freer flow of blood, introduces a greater quantity of red corpuscles into the tissues, and that always means greater health, fresher colour, smoother skin, youthful appearance. Therefore, massage is invaluable in all cases of pallor, of redness from congestion, of wrinkles, the loss of contour of the face, blurring of the natural face oval through overdevelopment of tissue, of sluggish, mottled, pasty skin.

How to carry on this wonderful massage to obtain the best possible results?

Time was when the human hand was considered the ideal instrument for the application of massage. There is no need to question the soundness of this claim. Even if absolutely true, it still would not be of great help in making more universal the benefits of massage, or make them more accessible to the average woman, because masseuses who would unite to their skill a personality sufficiently agreeable and sympathetic to manipulate a refined and sensitive woman's face are extremely rare. Even if they were less rare, their services daily rendered

would involve an expenditure that only a comparatively small number of ladies would care to incur.

Such a great authority as Prof. Zabludowski has stated, and anyone who has tried it has been brought to recognise the fact, that self-massage to include the whole face, to say nothing of the neck and chest, by means of one's own fingers, is impossible. The fingers have their limitations, not the least amongst which is that they tire but too soon.

It was for these reasons that numberless have been the attempts to find a substitute for the human hand in massage, and as numberless were the failures to construct a mechanical device. Mme. Rubinstein is at last in the happy position of recommending to her clients the new Valaze Massage Apparatus, as the best, most scientific, most suitable apparatus for self-use, which, owing to its most ingenious construction, not only replaces but actually supersedes manual massage.

The Valaze Massage Apparatus permits the massage being carried on in a really ideal manner, without the least exertion, and the sensation it produces is most comfortable and agreeable. Apart from its usefulness as a beautifying factor, its action is most soothing and pain-alleviating in neuralgic affections.

Mme. Rubinstein has secured complete control of this remarkable invention, of which none is genuine unless stamped with the words "Valaze Massage Apparatus." It is sold in two sizes, the smaller at 15s., the larger at £1 1s. The difference between the two is that the smaller can be used for the face only, while the larger has the advantage that it can be used also for the scalp, chest, shoulders, and other parts of the body.

The accompanying illustration shows Mlle. Juliette Clarens, the well-known Parisian society woman and actress, of the Vaudeville Theatre, in the act of using the apparatus. Mlle. Clarens has put the apparatus to a rather difficult test. It is well known how stage make-up plays havoc with the skin. It speaks, therefore, volumes for the efficacy of this latest of Mme. Rubinstein's novelties when Mlle.

Clarens says that, "Thanks to the Valaze Massage Apparatus woman does not age, but daily gains in beauty, in spite even of fatigue of travel and the use of stage make-up."

The Valaze Massage Apparatus represents the only possible solution of the problem of Beauty-Massage.

It is thorough and equal in action; it is simple, practical, effective, and a guarantor of complexion charm.



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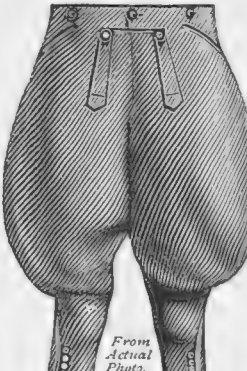

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2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Sliding Trays and Drawers, at	7 15 0
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2 Exceptionally Well-made Bedroom Suites in Solid American Walnut at	12 10 0
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2 Very Handsome Bedsteads to match at	3 3 0
Very Choice Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite	11 15 0
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Choice Chippendale Design Bedroom Suite	12 12 0
Chippendale Design Bedstead to match	5 15 0
Queen Anne Design Solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite	16 16 6
All Brass Full-size Bedstead, with Superior Spring Mattress	3 5 0
Very Choice Adams Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. wide Wardrobe	19 19 0
Massive Square Pillar Brass Bedstead, with Bedding all complete	5 15 0
Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite	32 0 0
Very Fine all Brass Bedstead, Fitted Superior Spring Mattress	5 10 0
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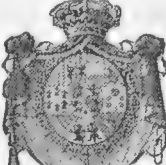
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BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing, and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Prepared in a moment with water. No cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores. Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK Co., Slough, Bucks., England.



The exhilaration that follows a bath into which has been put some mustard is a lasting exhilaration.

First the skin feels the delightfully soft water which the mustard makes. Then the muscles "realise" the restfulness which is brought them by the peculiar action set up by the mustard and water together. Finally, the nerves are so soothed and rested that the feeling of comfort and reinvigorated circulation which follows a mustard bath cannot be compared with anything else.

Any Colman's Mustard will do, but many shops sell Colman's Bath Mustard, specially put up in those handy cartons—each one containing just enough mustard for a bath.

If the table mustard is used, you will find it easier to mix the mustard first with cold water before putting it into the bath. About three table-spoonfuls make a glorious bath.

The action of mustard when combined with water is an extraordinary one. Its effect is not upon the skin alone, but upon the muscles, nerves and vital organs of the body, because of the direct "vascular communication" between the blood vessels of the skin and the vital organs.

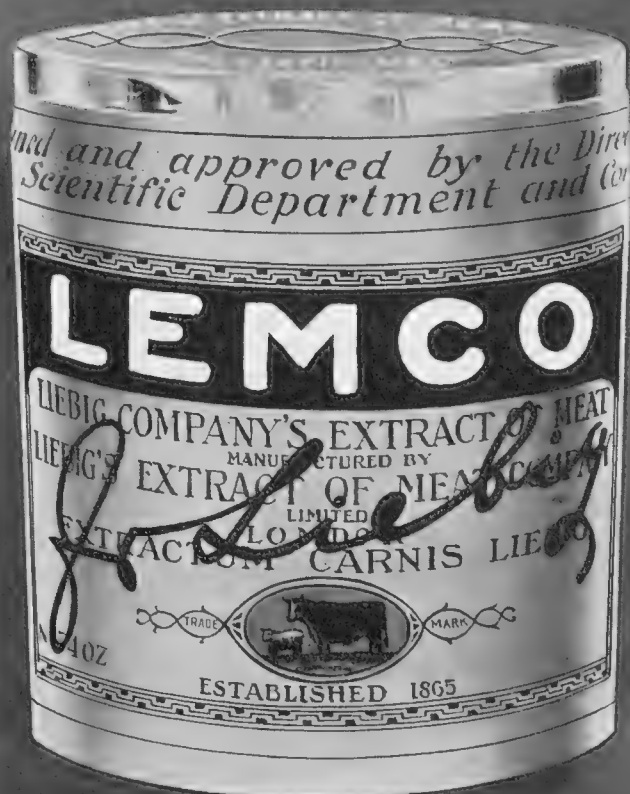
Let "Muster Mistard" prepare your bath for you—whether morning or night, hot or cold. As a preventer of chills, and as a banisher of aches and pains, a hot mustard bath is looked upon as almost infallible by many thousands of people throughout the world, to whom the mustard bath habit is almost second nature. Have you Colman's Mustard in the house?



### Add a little Lemco to your child's milk

and see how easily even a delicate child can digest it. Lemco not only stimulates the digestion, but separates the particles of casein and prevents them from "clotting." It is this characteristic which causes milk to offer such resistance to the efforts of the digestive organ. Thus by adding a little Lemco the milk-proteid can be easily assimilated without loss, and its full store of valuable nutriment made instantly available for building up health, strength and vitality.

¼ TO ½ TEASPOONFUL TO HALF A PINT OF HOT MILK.



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**H** If you know cars, come and examine the Hotchkiss: first for its simple, cleanly-designed engine, its smoothness, speed and hill-power; next for its all-satisfying comfort. The Hotchkiss chassis is built to take the most luxurious of bodies, and there can be no question of overweighting in view of the fact that the Hotchkiss engine's reserve power develops at least double the rated h.p.

12-16 h.p. chassis, complete with tyres & tools, £360

18-22 h.p.       "       "       "       "       £480

20-30 h.p.       "       "       "       "       £600

Full specification  
on application.

# HOTCHKISS

"The Car with No Weakness  
to Hide."

London & Parisian  
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87, Davies Street,  
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Sole Agents for S. of England for  
SANKEY STEEL WHEELS.



# Panhard's

The Concessionaires of these famous cars have been fortunate in making arrangements with the manufacturers which will be greatly to the advantage of Panhard users.

## Prompt delivery

of some of the following 1913 Models can now be made either direct from W. & G. Du Cros or through Agents:—

15 H.P. De Luxe Chassis only, wire wheels, Dunlop tyres, £350.

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### No. 11.—The Darracq.

The second year of the twentieth century was a notable one in motor annals. The illustration of a Darracq of the period reveals a distinct advance in body construction, the lines being more graceful than previously, while engine design had progressed in proportion. But the prominent feature of the year was the strong hold racing had gained in motor circles. The chief of these events was the Paris-Vienna, with which was incorporated the race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup, run over two of the four stages. In the longer of the two races Darracqs showed up extremely well in the light car section, getting four out of the first six places. Of more particular interest to England was the Gordon-Bennett Cup, which was won by Mr. S. F. Edge on a 40 h.p. Napier, shod with Dunlops—the only British success ever achieved in that famous series. The roads were in a terrible state. According to Mr. Edge, the surface, after being worn into deep ruts by the winter frosts and snows, had been levelled with loose stones in view of the race. It was, therefore, a certificate of excellence for any make of tyre to hold up in those conditions and at racing pace, and for the winning tyres a certificate of *supreme* excellence. It is their survivance in these doughty tests that has made the Dunlop what it is—the finest tyre production in the world.



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**FIRST IN 1888 : FOREMOST EVER SINCE.**

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To enjoy glorious health--to rid the system of Uric Acid--to eradicate Rheumatism, root and branch--to remedy Liver and Kidney Disorders, Eczema, Indigestion, and Constipation, make a regular practice of taking half-a-teaspoonful of Krüschén Salts in a tumbler of hot water before breakfast.

# Krüschén Salts

LIEBIG'S  
ANALYSIS :-  
SODA SULPH.  
SODA CHLORID.  
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MAGNES SULPH.  
MAGNES CHLOR.  
POTAS. SULPH.  
POTAS. CHLORID.

Of all good Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or, in case of difficulty, direct (U.K.) on receipt of 1/6.  
E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES (KRÜSCHÉN), Ltd., 68, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

One Size: One Price.

**1/6**

Per Bottle.





## A Talk to semi-Invalids,

— to the many people who are not ill, but seldom quite well; who, not having robust constitutions, have to take care, and can seldom enjoy a hearty meal.

For those in this condition—and among them are some of the brightest scientific and business intellects in the world—Benger's is a power for good, proving always agreeable and enjoyable in adverse conditions of health.

The fact that Benger's Food is self-digestive to an extent entirely under control, enables it, alone among foods, to be prepared so as to suit personal conditions. The importance of this cannot be overstated.

Benger's Food is served in the welcome form of a delicious soluble cream, in which the rich proteid contents of the new milk—with which it is prepared, and the highly nutritive elements of the Food itself, are partly ready for absorption. In this way the work of the digestive organs is lightened just as much as may be necessary.

Consequently, it is comforting and nourishing when other foods disagree, and enjoyable, even to the many people who can neither take milk alone, nor milk and water.

Benger's Food is a boon to Invalids and the Aged. It is delicious in itself with a pleasing biscuit flavour, and used half and half with coffee or tea, it gives full refreshment with the digestive advantages of the Food.

Benger's Booklet—a little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:—

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**BRANCH OFFICES:**  
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**CANADIAN AGENTS:** National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel St., MONTREAL,  
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## NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS.

### "AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SEEDS."

HOW we wish it were possible to welcome every one of our patrons to our Exhibition Warehouses at Raynes Park. But with customers in every part of the civilised world, from Ottawa to Bombay, from Berlin to Sydney, the pilgrimage to the Horticulturist's Mecca must necessarily be slow. And although a great number have already journeyed here and visit us every year, there will always be thousands more whom we can hardly hope to see.

But, happily, the great strides made by the printing art of late years have provided a bond of union in our wonderful Annual Catalogue, a veritable Encyclopædia of Seeds, Plants, and Garden requisites, which gives its possessor some little idea of the magnitude and wonders of its birthplace. It renders also an account of our stewardship by introducing the new seeds and bulbs which have passed their tests during the year, for which reason it is eagerly awaited by both professional and amateur gardeners the world over.

At no season of the year may every variety of plants simultaneously be seen in bloom for the purposes of selection, yet we find them all grouped and illustrated in one cover in this wonderful "Enquire Within," and so clearly are they classified and indexed that reference and selection becomes an armchair pastime.

Nearly 300 pages go to the making of this ambitious volume, which scales close upon 2 lb. postal weight. And although it is a very costly piece of commercial printing, it is sent out freely to intending customers.

**JAMES CARTER & CO.,**  
Seedsmen to His Majesty the King.  
**RAYNES PARK,**  
**LONDON, S.W.**

We have concentrated our entire energies and experience during the past **6 years** on the construction of the **ONE MODEL ONLY**, with the result that we can now claim to have a medium-powered car **SECOND TO NONE ON THE WORLD'S MARKET.**

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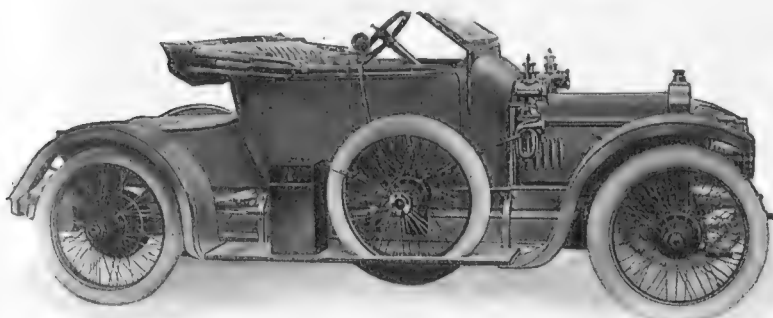
"Justly titled The World's Best Fifteen."

—DAILY GRAPHIC, 15/10/12.

"The 15 h.p. Straker-Squire at its price represents the best bargain to be found in the market."

—GRAPHIC.

**15 H.P. ONE MODEL CHASSIS ONLY**  
suitable for all Types of Bodies.



Standard Two-Seater, complete as shown, £422.

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**THE WORLD-FAMED**  
**ANGELUS**  
**GRAND & UPRIGHT PLAYER-PIANOS**  
As Supplied to His Late Majesty King Edward VII.

The charm and delight of being able to play the Piano perfectly can hardly be realised until you possess an ANGELUS. The simplicity and completeness of the Expression Devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in rendering artistically the World's best music.

**THE MELODANT** Expression Device (Patented) accentuates the melody or theme of the composition, giving just that exquisite human-like effect and independence of touch which mark the performance of the accomplished pianist.

**THE PHRASING LEVER** (Patented) controls every variation of tempo, and gives a distinctive character to the performance.

**THE ARTISTYLE** (Patented), the simple but infallible guide to musical rendition, incorporates into one line the variations of tempo, touch, and expression, giving to the performer a constant source of information regarding the correct interpretation of a composition.

The ANGELUS Player-Pianos comprise pianos of the most artistic character, and include THE FAMOUS BRINSMEAD, Sir HERBERT MARSHALL SONS and ROSE, KNABE, WINKELMANN, SQUIRE, &c., &c. These pianos have been carefully selected on account of their beauty of tone, perfect repetition and durability.

The extraordinary success and popularity of the world-famed ANGELUS Player-Pianos are undoubtedly due to their artistic supremacy and moderate prices.

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### ACTUAL MAKERS



No. T.S. 28.—Lady's ROLLED HIDE Week-end Case, with Pockets to carry own fittings.  
18 in., **34/-** 20 in., **38/-** 22 in., **42/-** 24 in., **46/-**  
EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

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**From the Home of the 'Colleen'**  
—famous the world over for her lovely skin and the fresh, *natural* beauty of her complexion—come the Soaps that are as natural as the Colleen's own beauty.

## McClinton's Soaps

Made by a secret process from pure vegetable oils and plant-ash, they are the only soaps in the world which are free from the coarse animal fats and harsh, caustic soda that make ordinary soaps so injurious and irritating to delicate skins.

Professor Kirk (Edinburgh), after years of searching, found in McClinton's his ideal soap. He says, "It is Nature's soap, and is astonishingly curative and most agreeable to the skin."

McClinton's Soaps make a smooth, creamy lather, and have a soothing, refreshing action on the skin which will be of material assistance in the preservation of your good looks.

**Over 200 Peers and Peeresses use McClinton's Soaps, and speak in enthusiastic terms of their unique qualities.**

The Duchess of Sutherland—"considers McClinton's Soap and Toilet Cream excellent."

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Earl Roberts of Kandahar says—"I have used your soap for a long time, and like it very much. The Shaving Cream is quite excellent."

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The millions who visited the White City some years ago were astonished at the marvellous "roses and cream" complexions of the Irish Colleen who came from Donaghmore, where McClinton's soaps are made.

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12/2/13

Useful Samples will be sent if you post this Coupon, together with 2d. for postage and packing, to

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But do not envy the Colleen her complexion. Follow her example—start using McClinton's Soaps at once! Send this Coupon to-day with your name and address, or if you prefer not to cut the paper, write for a set of free samples, to—

**McCLINTON'S, LTD., DONAGHMORE, IRELAND**

McClinton's Soaps cost you no more than ordinary soaps. They are sold by all high-class Chemists and Stores.

#### McClinton's Toilet Soaps

"Sheila," per tablet, 1/- Box of 3, 2/6.

Visitor's size, 6d.

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#### McClinton's Shaving Soaps and Cream

"Hibernia" Shaving Stick or Cake, 1/- Smaller size, 6d.

Shaving Cream, per pot, 1/- and 6d.

#### Tooth Powder

6d. per Box.

#### Tooth Soap

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#### Toilet Cream

1/- per pot.

**A FREE GIFT.**—First orders for any of McClinton's specialities will be sent postage free to any address in the British Isles, with a beautiful Enamelled Match Holder, representing a Cottage Fireside in this Irish Village, included as a Free Gift.

Address: McClinton's, Ltd., Donaghmore, Ireland.



"It comes from the land where the grass grows green;  
It's as dainty and sweet as an Irish colleen."



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for the mother and health for the baby, follow the use of 'Allenburys' Foods. They resemble healthy human milk, in composition, nutritive value and digestibility. Babies fed on the 'Allenburys' Foods invariably thrive well.

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From birth to 3 months.

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From 6 months upwards.

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### LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Is the most reliable in weakness and disease; it acts promptly, is undiluted, consequently is the most active and economical of all remedies.

FOR DISEASES  
OF THE  
THROAT  
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CHEST.

"It will sustain life when everything else fails."  
Sir G. D. GIBB, Bart., M.D.  
"A pint of Dr. de Jongh's Oil is of more value than a quart of any other."  
EDGAR SHEPPARD, Esq., M.D.

Of all Chemists, in Imperial Capsuled Bottles.  
Half Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.

Sole Consignees, ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., Ltd.  
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According to the amount one wishes to invest, we especially recommend, for Gentlemen, "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," "Crescent Street," or "Riverside," and for Ladies, "Diamond," "Riverside Maximus," "Riverside," or "Lady Waltham," each movement having the name engraved thereon.

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*An interesting Booklet describing our Watches, sent to the Public, Post Free, upon application. For our convenience, please mention this journal.*

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Ask for ONOTO Ink—  
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Complete and Rapid Cure of Chronic and Serious Cases by Dr. G. Damman's remedies, prepared only from extracts of plants previously unknown.

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Write for proofs of cures obtained, and Booklet No. 17A, on Diabetes or Albuminuria (state which is required). Sent post free by Dr. DAMMAN, 16, Rue du Trone, Brussels. (Letters should bear a 2½d. stamp.)

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## IT'S NO TROUBLE TO SHAVE

yourself—only takes a few minutes and you're right for the day, if you



USE A **Mab**

It's as easy as stroking your face with your finger. So different from the big clumsy razors. You have such perfect control over this neat short blade. It gives you the necessary confidence and you don't disfigure your face with 'snicks.' Black 2/6; Ivory 3/6; Pair in Case—Black 7/6; Ivory 9/6.

Of all good Cutlery Stores, or direct, post free, from The 'Mab' Co. 70b Newhall St. Birmingham who send interesting booklet "The Art of Shaving," FREE on request.

## The New Pomeroy Electrolysis Offer.

# 5 HAIRS REMOVED FREE



Natural Micro-photograph of five hairs removed by the Pomeroy Electrolysis.

To prove the practical painlessness of improved and exclusive Pomeroy Electrolysis for the removal of superfluous hair,

a free sitting is offered to ALL READERS OF "THE SKETCH" by Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.

No facial blemish is the source of so much humiliation and self-criticism as a few hairs on the lip or chin. Yet they are of all defects the most easily cured. To get rid of even a large growth of hair is a trifling matter compared with the cure of the smallest wrinkle.

The Pomeroy Electrolysis—an exclusive speciality of the house—eradicates each separate hair by dissolving the follicle from which it grows. Five hairs, lately removed from a woman's face, have been photographed through a microscope to illustrate this. The dead root can be plainly seen at the end of each.

Fill in the application form and send it at once, or call and make an appointment.

The free trial sitting can be taken at 29, Old Bond Street, or at any of the Pomeroy Branches.

To MRS. POMEROY, Ltd.,  
29, Old Bond St., London, W.

I accept your offer of a Trial Sitting Free, at which 5 Hairs will be removed by Electrolysis. Please let me know if the time here mentioned is convenient for the appointment.

Time..... Date.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

The Sketch.

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A LUXURY AND NECESSITY FOR YOU.

**BARBER & CO.** (the original firm, established 1797) roast their "BARBERCO" COFFEE on the French principle, by their own special process, which brings out the full choiceness of flavour and the utmost nerve-strengthening power.


Sold in sealed ½ lb. and 1 lb. tins at 1/2d. and 1/4d. per lb.

"BARBERCO" COFFEE DE LUXE, 1/8d. PER LB.

Send 3d. stamps for your sample, (allowed off first purchase of 6 lbs. & upwards.)

**DAINTY BREAKFAST & TEA SERVICES GIVEN AWAY!**

See Booklet and Coupons sent with each package. Obtainable of Grocers and Stores, and of THE BARBER TEA CO., LTD., Dept. K, 98, WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.



Morning or the Afternoon.

By Appointment



To H.M. the King.

# AQUASCUTUM

Regd.

The ALL-WOOL WATERPROOF, From 3 Gns.

# EIDERS CUTUM

Regd.

A luxurious Travelling and Steamer Coat.

# STRECCAN

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The new tweed for COUNTRY and SPORTING Suits.

Please write for Patterns and illustrated catalogue "J."



The Aquascutum Sackville Coat.



The Aquascutum Sporting Suit.

**AQUASCUTUM LTD. 100 REGENT STREET LONDON W.**



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"The Man Who Would Not be King."**By SIDNEY DARK.  
(Bodley Head.)

Seldom has the reviewer such a feast of merry philosophy as that spread by Mr. Sidney Dark, when he wrote the affair of "The Man who Would Not be King." How often in unwrapping some domestic commodity or studying advertisements have we not all of us been impressed by the perfections of the industrial settlement! Descriptions of its hygiene and decorative drawings of its architecture have even found a place between the latest dancer and the newest Duchess of our sixpenny magazines. Just such a centre of activity is the kingdom which fell by accidents of birth and death to the man who despised and distrusted it. Fenimore Slavington's father had married and lived so hopelessly at variance with Slavington tradition that the head of the firm (soup was their specialty—peptonised soup) pensioned him off. On his death, a share in the business was offered to the son. Fenimore was seventeen, the product of desultory training, life, and atmosphere, his very name a literary fancy from his father, and his greatest chum a dissipated and wondrously wise grandfather on the distaff side. He very naturally refused, and the pension was continued in his favour. Then, after some delightful wandering across Europe with the aforesaid grandparent, he is suddenly commanded down to Slavingtonville by a bereaved aunt. An uncle and two cousins have died, leaving him sole male survivor of the glorious industry. So, for a year, he kings it over Slavingtonville, that Servile City—a plain, not to say hideous, spot of perfection in a magnificent, rollicking, disorderly world. Its unnatural condition is obvious at the first glance, built in straight lines; Nature, whether in trees or rivers, clouds or waves, builds otherwise. Every brick of the Soup Works breathes capacity, every tiny villa guarantees respectability. Slavingtonville is "earnest, thorough, melancholy." Good wages, good conditions, no public-house, and a ruthless weeding of the weak, the wicked, and the incompetent comprise the policy of the Slavingtons—a policy pursued, not philanthropically, but as plain business common-sense, to achieve the best return per cent. It is achieved. A clean, virtuous, sober town is also achieved. "It is perfectly true that you can make men virtuous . . . if the bribe is big enough. But the result is unpleasant. Nowhere in this country is the standard of conduct higher than it is in Slavingtonville; nowhere in this country are men and women more servile, and less men and women.

They dare not do the thing they want to do. The whole town is a complete and perfect example of what Mr. Hilaire Belloc calls 'a servile state.'" The King abdicated in nine months; he had championed the weak, propped the bankrupt, encouraged discontent, and relieved his mind by giving sovereignty (industrial) away to his subjects. "This monument to the genius of my family," he told them, "fills me with horror and loathing. It fills your stomachs, it clothes your bodies, and it kills your souls." He discovered to them the true reason for the good conduct required of them by their employers: that their entirely mechanical work was better done by sober, teetotal machines than by human beings. He strove to goad them into sincerity: "Surely there must be half-a-dozen bad men even in Slavingtonville?" But "the deuce of it all is that in an organisation like ours there is no call for manhood, and individuality is a nuisance. That is the damning quality of industrialism." Revolt was the answer; "I had talked as man to man—a thing a King must never do." Drunkenness, resignations and strikes—a devil of a mess altogether. "So I abdicated on a Friday." Here is a witty protest against the Webb doctrine of efficiency! The Webbist with his eugenics, his hygienics, his State Socialism, "to which we are all apparently travelling," will be very properly shocked. But with the ex-King are "all the common natural men in all the public-house bars in the country (a mighty and pleasant multitude), all the mystics, all the children, all the tramps, all the lovers, quite a number of respectable citizens"—and one of no-account reviewer.

**"The Story of Stephen Compton."**By J. E. PATTERSON.  
(Heinemann.)

From a Lancashire spinning-shed to No. 10, Downing Street, might concisely describe the progress of Stephen Compton. He started his political career as a Socialist in a disreputable workmen's club, and much weight is given through many a dreary page to the fact that his mind, so balanced and sane, so conscious of rights for the employer as well as the employed, mellowed to Liberal-Labour, "the first Liberal-Labour Prime Minister that England had known." His recipes for the social Millennium lack distinction or originality. An easier divorce law, partial Woman's Suffrage; a bonus profit shared with the working man, and payment of Members, are among the most noteworthy. It was indeed high time that this political novel should be published, if published it had to be. Not every reader will see the necessity. In spite of all its fine sentiment, personal ambition and Party tactics are as evident as usual; nor does Stephen escape the fate of his

*[Continued overleaf.]*

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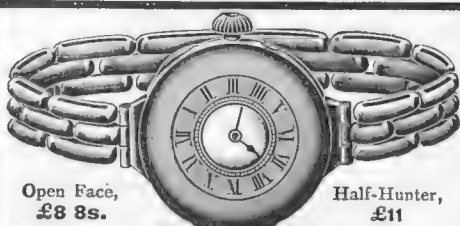
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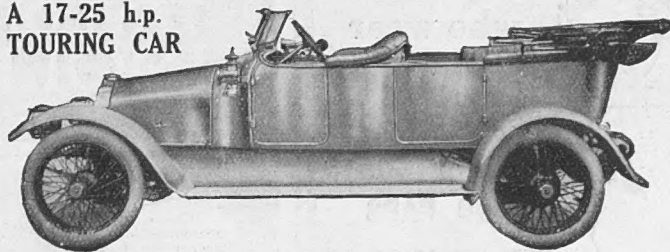
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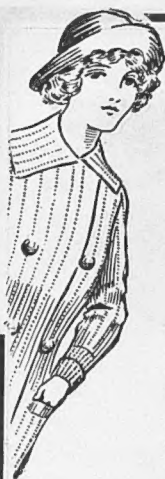
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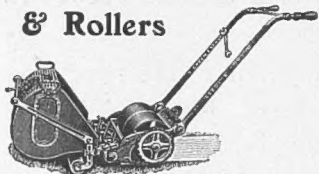
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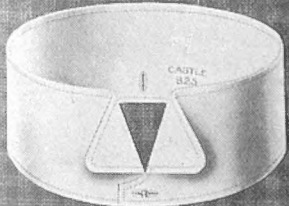
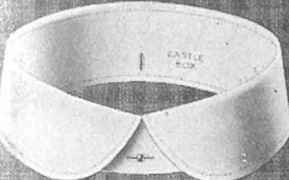
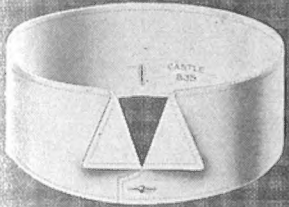
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### “The Red Cross Girl.”

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Whether entertainment be demanded for an hour or a whole evening, Mr. Richard Harding Davis will fill the bill delightfully with his group of stories, of which “The Red Cross Girl” is forerunner. American fiction has many qualities, and (as here) a never-failing one of fresh, vital youth. All its wit, its subtlety, and fastidiousness cannot hide the fact that, like David Copperfield, it is very young. When Americans make love or jokes in fiction they do it with the chastity of a school-girl and the spirits of a school-boy. How impossible to picture such a literature proceeding from an old Latin country—say, France! In “The Red Cross Girl” Mr. Davis makes love, or his young journalist does, after the best American traditions. When Sam Ward fell in love he calculated to spend exactly a week’s salary on his day out with the Beloved. She was, he believed, only a hospital nurse, living on her profession, and he earned £16 as star reporter of the *Republic*; but how many Englishmen would be prepared to launch their week’s money on one outing, whatever the sum that represented? Couples at tea-shops prove how few. Sam planned the scale of things out of a measure of generous ardour which took the magnificence for granted. As a reward, after much tribulation, Fate gave him a really fine moment when the millionaire’s daughter dropped into the vacant stall beside which he mourned the “death” of Sister Anne. In “The Invasion of England” Mr. Davis jokes also in the best American manner. He invokes a hero of the *Dreadnought* hoax to “wake up England” one quiet night. The conversation at a Savoy luncheon-party touched on Oxford ragging, and someone deplored a lost art. “The Abyssinian Ambassador rag!” cried Herbert. “What price that? When the *Dreadnought* manned the yards for him and gave him seventeen guns. That was an Oxford rag, and carried through by Oxford

men.” And when someone just home from five years’ Indian service said that the idea was everything, and anyone could execute—a mere matter of amateur theatricals. “Is it?” snorted Herbert. “If you want to know what stage-fright is, just go on board a British battle-ship with your face covered with burnt cork and insist on being treated like an Ambassador. You’ll find it’s a little different from a first night with the Simla Thespians.” The rag of the invasion of England proves worthy of the inventive genius of the *Dreadnought* hero. He can only feel flattered as he reads it, no doubt regretfully. The gods of chance were in the game, too, and though the Germans—the real Germans—did not find the Boy Scouts tumble “out of their beds to kick them into the sea,” as an English patriot put it, they discovered enough to retreat under the veil of “manœuvres”! “The Red Cross Girl” stories are stimulating with fun as fresh as the morning and romance as old as the morning of the world.

In our issue of Jan. 29 we gave a photograph of the Countess of Stradbroke as Charles I. at a fancy-dress ball at Mürren, stating that (as reported in the Press) she was awarded the first prize for the best costume. We now learn, however, from Mrs. Lena Rapley, of Old Court Mansions, Kensington, that the first prize was won by her daughter, Miss Illeene Rapley, who appeared as a Turkish lady, while Lady Stradbroke took the second prize, and the third went to Miss Dawson Millward. The judges, Mrs. Rapley adds, included the Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. Asquith, and the ball took place, not at the Hotel Eiger (as stated on the photograph which reached us), but at the Hotel des Alpes.

Under the patronage of the Savage Club, Mr. Reginald Groome will give a grand evening concert at the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1913, at 8 p.m. Amongst the well-known artists who have promised to assist are: Mlle. Osca Marah, Mr. Stuart Debnam, Mr. Arthur Helmore, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. Alfred de Manby, Miss Carrie Tubb, Mr. James Chilcott, Mr. W. A. Peterkin, Mr. J. W. Ivimey, Mr. Walter Churcher, Mr. Harold Samuel, Mr. Harry Dearth, Mr. Nelson Jackson, Mr. Frederick Upton, Mr. Franklin Clive, Mr. Lorne Wallet, Mr. Charles Capper, Mr. Sam Walsh, Mr. John Hassall, R.L., Mr. Barclay Gammon, Mr. Harold Montague, and Mr. Watkin Mills.



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